

JULY

1873.

DREKA: Fine Stationery and Card Engraving. 1033 Chestnut Street.



# CONTENTS—JULY, 1873.

FRONTISPIECE—Self-Questioning.	
A STORY OF A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. (Illustrated.)	415
OUR HOME. By L. S. H.	420
ONWARD. By Aubrey Forester.	420
HUGH MILLER'S FIRST DAY IN THE QUARRY. (Illustrated.)	421
OUR INSECT FRIENDS. By John B. Duffey. (Illustrated.)	422
THE ARGONAUTA. By C.	429
THE THREE GREAT MONUMENTS OF PISA. (Illustrated.)	430
DO YOUR WORK WELL.	432
THE KING AND THE FRIAR. By Virginia F. Fowles.	433
MAKING A HOME IN EARLY TIMES. By M. L. Oubouffe.	437
IRISH LADIES.	438
CROOKED PLACES. By Edward Garrett.	439
THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.	490
THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD. By Pippselway Potts.	451
OUR CLUB. By Annie L. Murrey.	456
INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS. By T. S. Arthur.	459
SAVED BY A HORSE.	465
BEYOND THE CLOUDS. By Edith W. Kent.	465
ONE OF MANY. By Rosella Rice.	466
RELIGIOUS READING.	
Care for To-morrow; by Rev. James Reed.	467
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Reaping the Whirlwind; by Rosella Rice—How to Keep Children, et of Mischiefs—Mother's Influence; by Emily Hawthorne—Woman's Mission; by Mrs. M. A. Furdall.	468
B. Y'S AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
The Otter; by E. B. D. (Illustrated)—The Cat that Saved the Baby (Illustrated).	470
THE HOME (INCL.):	
The Old Coal—Bits of Talk—"Don't Tell It;" by J. E. M'C.—A Letter—Independence of Daughters.	471
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:	
Athirst; by Sarah Edwards Henshaw—Spiritual Song; by George Macdonald—I Have Something Sweet to Tell You; by Mrs. F. Osgood—There; by Mary Alice Francis—To Whom Shall we give Thanks—I Didn't Know.	473
A PAGE OF VARIETIES:	
Reims of Thought—Sparks of Humor.	475
NEW PUBLICATIONS.	
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.	477

A NEW PERFUME  
FOR THE  
HANDKERCHIEF.

A DELICATE SOAP  
FOR THE  
TOILET.

CASHMERE BOUQUET  
MADE BY  
COLGATE & COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.



Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, by long and extensive use, has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth, and always surely restores its color, when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair

and its beauty. Thus brassy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair re-grows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and stablished; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hair resumes their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the Vigor is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO.,  
Lowell, Mass.

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

1873. VOLS. XIII. and XIV. 1873.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

This favorite of the children, "from five to fifteen," will, for 1873, be as beautiful, as pure and as full of attractive reading as ever. No effort will be spared in the work of keeping it in the advanced position maintained from the beginning as "one of the best magazines for children in the world."

The editor writes largely for the "Hoc." and nothing goes into its pages without his careful supervision. It will continue to be richly illustrated.

### TERMS.

One year, in advance..... \$1.25  
5 copies, "..... 5.00  
10 copies, and one to getter-up of club..... 10.00  
PREMIUM.—Every getter-up of a club will receive a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," one of the purest, sweetest and loveliest steel engravings ever published. Send 10 cents for mailing picture.

For \$1 a copy of "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" for 1873 and "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" will be sent.

For \$1.25 "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" "HOME MAGAZINE" and "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" will be sent.  
REMITTANCE.—Send post-office order or a draft on Philadelphia, New York or Boston. If you cannot get a post-office order or draft, then, if the sum be five dollars or upward, have your letter registered at the post-office.

### TOOL-CHEST PREMIUM.

For 10 subscribers to the "Hoc." at \$1.25 each, we will send a \$3 Tool-Chest, well made, with lock and lifting handles, containing 16 different tools of good size and quality.

### YOUNG LADIES' WRITING-DESK PREMIUM.

For 10 subscribers to the "Hoc." at \$1.25 each, we will send a handsomely finished, velvet lined, mahogany writing-desk, worth \$5.

Address  
T. S. ARTHUR & SON,  
809 and 811 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

..... 465  
..... 466  
..... 467  
to  
ee;  
M.  
..... 468  
hat  
..... 470  
J.  
..... 471  
ng;  
to  
oy-  
-l  
..... 473  
..... 475  
..... 476  
..... 477

P

T.

373.

UR

een."  
ttrac-  
work  
from  
ldren  
thing  
n. It

1.35  
5.00  
5.00  
ive a  
arest,  
shed.

and  
"rise"

Phila-  
post-  
rs of

e will  
fing  
and

M.  
will  
gany

Pa.



SELF-QUESTIONING.



# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLl.

JULY, 1873.

No. 7.



## A STORY OF A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

BY MRS. F. B. DUFFEY.

**H**OW is it we are taught to believe that, theoretically speaking, the husband is an oak, and the wife a weak vine clinging to the lordly tree, and looking to it for support and strength, when in actual life we find the case so often reversed? In truth, is not the reverse the rule rather than the exception? Men are physically stronger than women; nevertheless they succumb to pain and suffering much the more readily. In times, too, of trial and trouble, it is the woman who oftentimes stands firm and steadfast and sustains the shrinking faith and droop-

ing courage of her husband. Too many a woman finds her husband at such times a broken reed, and in her strength alone must they both stand, or else they fall together. In the hour of temptation, as well, the man who can gain moral strength from his wife, is the more certain to pass through the fire unscathed, than he who has no such wondrous help.

John Marius was a man of average intelligence, average moral principles and with quite the average business talents. He was a fair sample of the average gentleman, gentlemanly in manners, appearance

and breeding. Contrary to the rule laid down for guidance in such matters, he had not selected for a wife a woman so far beneath him in mental attributes, that she should be continually impelled to do him reverence. He may have read Tupper (though I doubt if he read any poetry unless it were that of Bret Harte and John Hayes,) but he certainly did not heed the advice which, in regard to the selection of a wife, says:

"Hath she wisdom? It is well;  
But be sure that thou excel."

John Marius looked up to his wife. He knew that she excelled him in many ways, and he had not only the generosity but the good sense to acknowledge it. He took a certain pride in acknowledging it. Though people sometimes, out of honor to their prejudices, made a show of laughing at him behind his back, they really, after all, liked and respected him the better for it.

If there is a man in the world who deserves and who receives more contempt than another, it is the one who is notoriously henpecked, yet who continually makes his boast abroad that "he is master in his own house."

When the world first learned that John Marius was going to marry Elizabeth Arkwright, it said that the love was all on his side, while on hers the match was entirely a mercenary one. The world found out its mistake, however, before the wedding-day was reached, and then it didn't know what to say. She married him in spite of prophecy, when his fortune was at its lowest ebb, and then went to work in her own way—a somewhat peculiar way; but, then, Elizabeth Arkwright never did anything exactly after the pattern of ordinary women—to help him build his fortune up.

She was an artist of no mean ability, "considering she was a woman;" so she stayed at home and painted, while he was busy in his counting-room. By the sale of her pictures, when they had at last adjusted themselves into their new places, and reduced their expenses to the minimum, she managed to supply the household needs, and thus leave his business untrammelled by any calls upon it for domestic purposes.

You who have a slight opinion of feminine artistic abilities, sneer at this and set my story down as fiction at once. But I am telling the truth. It is not every woman who daubs a little with paints and brushes that can count her annual earnings by hundreds of dollars, but Elizabeth Marius did. She did not paint two or three wonderful pictures which, upon being exhibited, attracted the attention of some benevolent connoisseur, who bought them at fabulous prices, and regarded them forever after as the gems of his studio; such things only happen in novels. Mrs. Marius worked early and late, and painted not few but many pictures, which she sold for what they would bring—trifling, insignificant sums, regarded from the romantic or heroic point of view, but amounting in the aggregate to more than she could have earned by the needle, or in any other feminine

employment, and sufficient to keep the pot boiling. Let me tell you a secret. She painted for auction sales. And therein is a hint, and a pregnant one, for those ambitious women (and men, too, only men regard the painting of auction pictures as derogatory to their dignity, and only engage in it *sub rosa*), who would succeed in painting, but see no ladder by which to ascend to the higher realms of art; women who cannot afford to spare years of apprenticeship in their chosen profession without some pecuniary return.

Then there was another secret. Mrs. Marius always did her best without regard to the pay she was to receive. She was recompensed in two ways—three ways, I might say. Her pictures, consequently, always sold readily, being always worth to the purchaser all or more than she asked for them. She was constantly improving, which was, after all, of the greater importance to her. Thirdly, which I came near overlooking, her pictures finally attracted the attention of artists and connoisseurs, who discovered a painstaking and truthfulness about them so frequently wanting in feminine art productions; a lack of pettiness, of narrowness of breadth and scope, of superficiality, of a conventionality of an exceedingly inferior type, of a—what shall I call it, which are usually the characteristics of the same productions. She was aided and encouraged by artists as well as dealers, and that was of more worth than all to her.

In reducing domestic expenses, she found it necessary to transfer their abode from the city to the country. By this means their outgo was materially lessened directly and indirectly. There was no such need of large and expensive wardrobes; there were not so many temptations for disposing of money, innocently perhaps, but still unnecessarily. I say she transferred their abode advisedly. It was she who instigated most of their important moves. But whatever she did was done with such wisdom and tact, that if her husband did not really believe himself prime mover, as he sometimes did, he bowed graciously and gracefully to her decisions.

After a certain event, art was somewhat neglected. Despite her strong-mindedness, perhaps I should say because of it, Elizabeth had peculiar ideas about motherly duties. Her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Draper, had a nurse to relieve her of the care of her infants, so that she might unmolestedly devote a large amount of her time to society, to philanthropy and to the church. Mrs. Draper's babies did not always thrive, it is true. But Mrs. Draper, as soon as she became convinced that a nurse-girl neglected the little ones intrusted to her care, promptly discharged her and engaged another. When her infants died, as some two or three of them did, she laid their deaths to a chastising Providence rather than to the cordials and carminatives which she concurred with the nurses in thinking indispensable to the comfort and well-being of such fretful babes.

Mrs. Marius constituted herself head-nurse to her own baby, and took personally all the care of her

which was consistent with her own health and as a necessary sequence with that of the babe. Her nearest neighbor and dearest friend, Mrs. Cameron, gave her some good advice in this particular. Mrs. Cameron was not a great deal older, but had had more experience in domestic matters, having been longer married.

"Do not shut yourself up," said the latter lady. "It is your duty more than ever to keep your health perfect, and you can only do so by means of plenty of fresh air, and occasional change of scene and occupation. Make up your mind to leave that wonderful child occasionally for a few hours, and you will come back with added strength and vigor and nervous force to impart to her."

Elizabeth took advice—something wonderful for her—and consequently did not look like a young mother at all: pale and worn and weak and nervous. She lost none of her roses, and baby Lizzie thrived wonderfully.

John—that is, Mr. Marius—was consoled with by some of his friends because the baby hadn't been a boy. But he himself felt no dissatisfaction. He had before his marriage maintained a kind of placid, negative contempt for women, considering them as very good in their place, but naturally inferior to men, you know; just the opinion that most unmarried men of average abilities and average morals have of the sex. But that wonderful woman Elizabeth had latterly so elevated the whole sex in his estimation, that he was more than content, and worshipped baby Lizzie as an infant goddess. She was not only his child, but she was Elizabeth's child, too, and she could not fail to be something remarkable. How he looked with commiserating pity on the pride of all other young fathers who had not Elizabeth or her match to boast of in the mothers of their infants. Of course it was natural that they should possess fatherly affection; but he was always in fear they might perceive the difference between their infants and his own, and thus become envious and dissatisfied. No doubt women often feel this way, but men, I think, seldom.

With regard to Elizabeth, I think perhaps John was more than half right; but, as to the baby—well, I judge all young babies are, more or less, equally uninteresting—except, perhaps, my own.

This is a long retrospect. I fear my introduction will lead you to expect too much from my story, while it is only intended as an illustration of the few sage remarks I made at the commencement.

Business—I really know little about business, being a woman, and may consequently make a bungle of my narrative in this particular—business was dull. Money was scarce. John Marius was not making money as fast as he felt he ought, with a young princess in the family—and such a princess! Times became worse. Financial ruin was again threatened. He had suffered it once, and felt as though he could not endure the blow a second time. He struggled hard, but instead of making headway, he felt that he was really losing ground. He put out new ener-

gies. He was worried and perplexed in business hours, and he carried his perplexities home with him in sober face and disturbed manner, though he made no complaint to his wife. He wanted her to live above business cares. She sought his confidence, but he answered her evasively, so she could only know that something was going wrong, without being able to discover in what manner. Oh, the characteristic wisdom of the "wiser" sex who think they save their wives trouble and care by such a course! As though anything could be worse than apprehension and uncertainty!

She would not have hesitated—this strong-minded heroine of mine—to make a raid upon his counting-room, overhaul his books and accounts, and find by personal examination the exact condition of things, if she had so minded. And she would have done it, too, in such a manner as would not have given her husband one chance for blame, but would have left him more stricken with admiration of her than ever; only she was not so minded. She was by no means perfect; and she took offence at her husband's want of confidence. If the confidence was not spontaneous, she would have none of it. So she held her peace, and worried more than ever in private, while that stolid John, like any other ostrich, thought because he kept the face of his trouble concealed, that it was entirely invisible, notwithstanding its body loomed up black and forbidding, and was casting its shadow over their hearthstone. Men are curious creatures. They would be well worth studying if one had the time. Elizabeth seemed to have the time just then, and studied one man in particular closely and correctly, though he never perceived it.

For some time she found the symptoms very plain, and the diagnosis exceedingly simple. He was a man harassed in business. But after awhile there came a complexity of symptoms which puzzled her. He became feverish and excited in his manner; then again, as the reaction came on, despondent. He was away from home oftener and longer than usual. He had frequent business appointments. Sometimes he stayed in town over night. At other times men came at unusual hours to see him at his residence—all of which Elizabeth did not like the looks of at all. Why did he not tell her all about it? Sometimes she thought he was tempted to do so, but when she tried to open the way, his courage failed. The woman was worried nearly out of her life, and knew not how to help herself. So was the man, for that matter; but not knowing whether he could help himself or not, she did not know whether to pity him.

There came a diversion. Baby fell sick. The wife was almost glad that the mother was called upon to suffer, for father and mother could sympathize, and they seemed brought together again. Even "business," which had held John in such tight bonds, was forced to relax its hold temporarily.

The little princess had a serious time of it, and then began slowly to mend. During the danger John shared the care, the anxiety and the vigils with Elizabeth. But when the doctor spoke and

looked more hopefully, manlike he rushed off, never thinking of the long days of weariness still in store for his wife, which must become all the more tedious because her mind was no longer propped up by the strain and excitement of fear.

John began to come and go again with nervous haste and anxiety, as if making up for lost time. Again came unexpected and ill-timed visits, all the more trying, because in an attempted show of the hospitality, which she did not feel, Elizabeth was frequently obliged to absent herself from her sick babe.

At last, one night Mrs. Marius beat down the barriers of her pride, and ventured to question her husband.

"John," said she, "what is all this about?"

He did not answer immediately, and she wondered if he had heard her question. As she was mentally debating whether she should repeat it, he replied with a tone of ill-feigned indifference, "All what, Elizabeth?"

"Why, this coming and going; this worry and excitement—this extra 'business' that interferes with your hours of leisure, and the remembrance of which disturbs your rest?"

"Why, nothing, Lizzie. At least, nothing of any moment. Business has its ups and downs, of course, and you women should never bother about them because you cannot understand them."

"Understand!" She felt it an insult to her womanhood to be told she could not understand. As though she did not know her mind to be clearer and keener—capable of grasping greater things and of comprehending subtler ones than John's, man though he was. John knew it, too, but his masculine instincts were still so strong that, practically, it was yet hard to associate the ideas of femininity and wisdom.

There was silence between them after that.

That evening there came the usual delegation—not unexpected, probably, as John seemed ill at ease before their coming—two gentlemen, with ready tongues and suave manners, dressed in the finest of broadcloth, the snowiest of linen, the glossiest of hats, and with just a suspicion of flashiness in their diamond pins and heavy gold chains and seals. Elizabeth studied their faces and manners as she had never done before. She scanned their expressions, she weighed their tones of voice, she even took note of their gestures; and then, calling in her womanly intuitions, decided she did not like them.

She went back sadly to her chamber, and the crib of her sick babe, feeling, as she left her husband with the strangers, as though he were a helpless fly which they had already entangled in their web, and which they were fast binding in its meshes.

She sat and brooded long. If she was only certain that there really was danger, and what that danger was, she would know how to act. But her suspicions might be all unfounded, and any action on her part might not only be ill-advised, but really unjust, or, still worse, ridiculous.

At last, summing up her thoughts in one sentence, she said unconsciously, aloud, "A wife has a right to know of her husband's affairs."

Casting one glance at the sleeping babe, she went out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind her that she might hear any sound within the chamber. Stealthily descending the stairs, she came to the closed door beyond which her husband and his guests were in conference. She stood a moment in thought. Should she go in? No; for if she did, she would only be received as she had been several times before, when accidentally she had broken in upon their conversation. There would be a sudden hush, followed presently by some irrelevant remark addressed to herself. The strangers would be courteous—almost too courteous to her, but her husband would show signs of impatience. As she thought of this, she mentally exclaimed, "If everything was as it should be, there would be no need of concealment from me."

While she still stood hesitating whether to enter or turn back to her chamber, her husband's voice distinguished itself above the murmur that had met her ears, pronouncing the words "my wife." In what connection he was using those words she could not hear. Bending her head in a tremor of excitement, she listened intently for the reply. She heard it clear and distinct:

"There is no necessity, as I have told you from the first, for her to know anything about it, except in a general way. Women do not and cannot understand affairs like this; and no man should ever feel under obligations to enter into particulars with them."

Oh, that suave, soft, hated voice, counselling a husband to separate his interests from those of his wife!

Still she listened, and again she was rewarded. Her husband responded: "I believe you are right. But then my wife is so peculiar in some ways. She is perhaps what you would call squeamish—"

"Yes, most women are. That is their nature, for which we must make allowances, while at the same time we must not permit ourselves to be governed by them. It would never do in the business world."

Elizabeth was pale with indignation. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she opened the door and walked into their midst. For an instant the trio of questioning faces bewildered her, though at the same instant she was impressed with the necessity for caution and discretion in action and speech. Her ready woman's wit came to her aid, and she turned to her husband with the exclamation, "John, I am afraid our babe is in danger!"

Her pale face and gasping articulation seemed to add their testimony to her words. With a hurried apology her husband followed her out of the room. He sprang past her up the staircase, and was, in a moment, by the bedside of the still quietly sleeping babe, uttering a faltering "Poor little princess!"

But hardly had the exclamation died on his tongue, when he turned bewildered to his wife.



"Why, Elizabeth, what is the matter with the child? She is sleeping quietly enough!"

"It is true, John; at least, I fear it is true. She is in danger, and you alone can save her. Tell me, John," she exclaimed, eagerly, clasping his arm in nervous excitement, "what this mystery is that you dare not trust to me? You cannot, you shall not put me off! I will know! I have a right to know, if my baby's father is about to dishonor himself!"

"Dishonor! Don't be ridiculous, Lizzie!" said John, uneasily. "I cannot tell you just now; but if you insist upon knowing about it, I will explain to you when my visitors are gone," and he made an effort as if to disengage himself from her clasp. But she clung the closer.

"No, John, I will know now, before either you or I cross the threshold of this chamber. Here, over the bed of our sick child, you shall tell me;" and out of her eyes there shone a strength of will and purpose, the existence of which John had only suspected, never known before. He was cowed. Man though he was, as the weaker he acknowledged the stronger. He made no reply; so she questioned him.

"What are those men persuading you to do?"

"To take shares in a joint-stock company."

"How much do they propose you shall invest—not enough to cripple your business, I hope?"

He hesitated a moment, and then replied: "If I must tell you, I may as well make a clean breast of it. They want me to dispose of my present business and invest the proceeds in buying up a Mexican claim to land in California. They tell me it is sure to be a grand success, and I will get my money back five hundred per cent."

"To invest all your means? That is, you are to furnish the funds for the entire company?"

"Well, not quite that. Biddle has given his name, and will furnish nearly as much as I. You know that these companies can't be started without money. But there is money in them, too."

"How is that?"

"Why, when the company is fairly afloat, and the stock is pushed into the market, it is sure to go up, and then is the time to sell and realize your profits. What was comparatively a trifling investment may yield a fortune in return."

"Where is the land which this company owns, or contemplates owning?"

"Some of the best grazing and fruit-growing land in California, within forty miles of San Francisco."

"You know this to be true?"

"I am told so," he replied, somewhat uneasily. "Of course I haven't been able to go out there and look into the matter myself. But I have the word of reliable men. This land," he added, "has been already brought into a high state of cultivation by squatters who have no legal title to it whatever, and who of course will be obliged to leave it when we establish our claim."

"And your company proposes to rob these men, that you can put money in your own pockets?"

"Why no, I don't think that is just the light in which to put it."

"How can you put it in any other light?" said Elizabeth, relentlessly.

"Anyhow, that part of the business will not come on my conscience. My intention is to take advantage of the first rise in the market, without being implicated in the probable litigation or possible failure."

"John!"

Elizabeth had said that word once before in her life with a very different emphasis, and he remembered the occasion very well.

"So," she added, in a tone of bitterness, after a moment's silence, "you propose to make your fortune out of a scheme which, if it succeeds, must ruin the prospects of many bona fide settlers of California—men who have expended their labor and their means in making homes for themselves and their families; or, if it fails, drags down to equal ruin the dupes whom you inveigle into taking your stock off your hands. Two beautiful horns to a dilemma! It looks amazingly like swindling whichever way you take it!"

"You use too hard a word, Elizabeth. It is only speculation."

"Then, John, as you value my love or my respect, never turn speculator! Though we become so poor that we labor with our hands for our daily bread, let us eat the bread of honesty with clear consciences."

John sank into a chair, and bowed his head upon the table. At last he spoke.

"I do not know what to do, Elizabeth. I have all but pledged my word—I have quite pledged my honor—to go on with this matter. I do not see any way to withdraw."

"Do you really wish to withdraw?"

"I do, Elizabeth, since I have found how you feel about it. In fact, they did not present it in just the light you have to me, but I believe you are right."

"Then go down and dismiss those men, and give yourself till to-morrow to think about it."

"But I was to give them a final answer to-night. I suppose in ten minutes more the whole thing would have been settled if you had not interrupted."

"Then give them your final answer like a man," said his wife, with a little tinge of contempt in her voice—a contempt which was perhaps somewhat cruel, but she could not help it.

He half rose, then sank back into his seat, and again folded his arms on the table and bowed his head upon them. "I cannot!" he faltered.

There was a deeper flash of contempt and scorn in the wife's eyes, which happily the husband did not see, and she passed resolutely out of the room, while her husband remained brooding in his seat, only half conscious of her absence.

With an irresistible impulse she descended to the parlor, where the gentlemen were impatiently awaiting their host's return. Once within the room, she schooled her voice and manner, and said with what calmness she could command: "Gentlemen, I am



sorry my husband cannot see you again to-night. But anxiety for our child prevents him from giving any further thought to the matter you were discussing. As there seems to be no immediate prospect of improvement, he is sorry to say that he will have to indefinitely postpone the consideration of the subject. I hope this postponement will not seriously interfere with your plans; but as women are not capable of understanding business affairs, of course I cannot know."

She would have been more or less than a woman if she had withheld this parting shot. Instead of that she was a very woman, strong-mindedness and all.

The gentlemen took their leave with bland words of condolence and regret, which were changed to sneers and imprecations against their hostess when they were fairly beyond her doors.

Marius heard the noise of their departure, and aroused to a full sense of the situation, he sprang to his feet as if to go down, but did not execute his purpose.

"It is no worse, perhaps, that way than any other. On the whole, I believe it is better, for I could never face them again. I wonder how she gets me out of the fix?"

"What a reputation I shall get for being hen-pecked," he added after awhile, with a half smile. "I don't mind it. I would rather be ruled by Elizabeth" (how he dwelt on her name) "than be the veriest lord over a woman of the ordinary pattern. She's something of a tyrant, but her tyranny is always on the right side."

Elizabeth had her soliloquy, too, after seeing the strangers depart. It began:

"John is a weak fool!" But she had had her way, and could afford to be forgiving; so it ended with the thought: "Perhaps if he were stronger in character, when he was once set in a wrong course it would not be so easy to turn him from it."

She kissed her husband silently as she entered the chamber. He took it as a kiss of affection. She meant it as a kiss of forgiveness, and of apology for having even momentarily wished him otherwise than he was.

Bending over the little crib of the still sleeping child, she remarked significantly: "I am glad to see little princess is better."

A few months afterward, John silently laid a newspaper before his wife, folded so as to give prominence to a certain article. The article was headed: "A Great Swindling Enterprise." It detailed the operations of the company in which John had so nearly embarked his means, and told the result to have been financial ruin to all concerned except two or three men who had been foremost in organizing the company, and these men were John's business visitors.

"I thanked God to-day, if I never did before," said John, generously, "that I have a strong-minded woman for a wife."

"And I will thank God now, if I never did before,

that if He has not given me a husband always capable of ruling, He has at least given me one who is not afraid of sometimes being ruled for his own good."

And she gave him a kiss which that stupid John again took for one of affection, but which was really not this time bestowing but asking forgiveness.

## OUR HOME.

BY L. S. H.

"EYE hath not seen" those "mansions,"  
Our Father's house above;  
"Ear hath not heard" those harmonies  
Of peace, and joy, and love.

In those bright halls of glory  
No lengthening shadow falls;  
'Tis ever, ever morning  
Within those jasper walls.

The soul, that straying pilgrim,  
Puts on her robes of joy,  
And bathes her drooping pinions  
In bliss without alloy.

For He, the Prince and Saviour,  
Did this dear home prepare,  
That all His faithful children  
Might dwell forever there.

Forever and forever!  
What rapture in the word!  
Forever in His presence—  
"Forever with the Lord!"

## ONWARD.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

DESPAIR is written on thy brow;  
Ah, lonely woman, mourn not now!  
The dead are better off than we,  
They rest from sorrow peacefully;  
Therefore thy treasure,  
For thine own pleasure,  
Cease to wish back.

Hold up thy head, be wise and brave,  
Life hath its duties, stern and grave;  
Within the void of thy dull soul,  
Time will, ere long, new scenes unroll,  
Amid which striving,  
Conflicts surviving,  
Thou wilt grow strong.

Gaze on the accumulated woe  
Shrouding poor mortal here below,  
And thine own sorrow will seem small  
Compared with what on others fall.  
Whilst thou art moaning,  
Sad earth is groaning  
'Neath thousand wrongs.

One whom thou lov'st hath found relief  
From bitter care and stinging grief;  
Rouse then to action; why sit idly there  
Indulging in thy selfish, weak despair?  
Brave deeds achieving,  
Lost hours retrieving,  
Thou'lt reach the goal.



#### HUGH MILLER'S FIRST DAY IN THE QUARRY.

**T**HE name of Hugh Miller is well-known. He devoted himself early to a life of hard labor as a quarryman and a mason, and by the steady exercise of the powers which God had given him, rose to a position of much usefulness and honor. His story has been often told, to show what can be done

by the wise use of common means. He has himself, in one of his books, "The Old Red Sandstone," described the feelings with which he began work, and the happiness he found in it.

"It is twenty years," he says, "since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but

a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books, when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditional stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

"The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away.

"The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother-workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

"The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one; it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boat ing or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots—the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold, to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light-blue and a grayish-yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood be-

side us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

"This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious 'blink of rest,' was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore."

After describing the scene, he says: "I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it."

Various wonders soon disclosed themselves in the rocks; marks of furrows, as of an ebbing tide, fretted in the solid stone, fossil shells, and fish, and leaves of plants. Almost every day opened new discoveries to his curious eye, and awakened deeper interest. And thus began that course of observation and study which made him famous as a geologist, and enabled him to render valuable help in the progress of science.

His first year of labor came to a close, and he found that "the amount of his happiness had not been less than in the last of his boyhood. The additional experience of twenty years," he adds, "has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness."

"My advice," said Hugh Miller, recalling these facts, "to young workingmen desirous of bettering their circumstances, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your consciences clear, your curiosity fresh, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the best of all; there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; and we should be all miserable creatures without it, and none more miserable than you."

HE that is noble-minded has the same concern for his own fortune, that every wise man ought to have, and the same regard for his friend that every good man really has; his easy, graceful manner of obliging, carries as many charms as the obligation itself; his favors are not extorted from him by importunity, are not the late rewards of long attendance and expectation; but flow from a free hand and open heart.

THERE are questions so indiscreet that they deserve neither truth nor falsehood in reply.

## OUR INSECT FRIENDS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

**W**E of the country have little difficulty in finding out our insect enemies. Their name is legion, and their goinge-forth are to destruction. They attack us from all sides, with a vigor and pertinacity that not rarely almost drive us to despair of being able in the end to withstand their assaults. Not unlikely, we might finally be forced to withdraw vanquished from the field, were it not that nature sends to our aid a host of insect friends, whose ever-restless activity, alertness and keen zest for their appointed work, are of infinite service in

As some slight incentive to, and assistance in forming the acquaintance of these "insect friends," we have gathered together a few entomological notes, which, it is hoped, may prove not only instructive, but at the same time entertaining. For many facts in regard to native species we are indebted to the report of the Entomological Society of Ontario, for 1872, prepared by the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, president of the society, and editor of the *Canadian Entomologist*.

Powerfully armed, both for offence and defence, and endowed with a strength only equalled by their ferocity, the carabidæ, or carnivorous ground beetles,



GOLDEN CARABUS AND LARVÆ.

keeping down the numbers of our foes. Indeed, if we all of us knew that we had such auxiliaries, thoroughly understood them, recognized them and protected them, we would, it is fair to presume, be saved much labor, much vexation, much loss, no little profanity and vast quantities of those villainously-smelling compounds, now deemed indispensable in waging war against the insect spoilers of our fields, orchards and gardens. Unfortunately, however, in our ignorance, in our blind exasperation, we doom to destruction friends and foes alike; and, so long as we do this, the contest we wage will continue to be a doubtful one, successes in one portion of the field being counterbalanced by defeats in another.

the lions of the insect tribes, as they have been termed, deserve especial mention among those insects directly beneficial to the agriculturist. Under this name are included a large number of different genera and species, closely resembling each other, however, in their habits and general appearance. They are of incalculable service to the farmer and fruit-grower. A sort of rural police, guarding our fields by night and day, they ask no reward but the bodies of the depredators they catch. Our trees, our fruits, our vegetables, they never disturb. Unfortunately, they are such handsome fellows that our children destroy them for their brilliant wing-cases, ignorant that they are killing some of our best



friends. In France they are protected by law, and many people keep them in their gardens.

Of the *Carabi*, from which the general name of the group is derived, the golden carabus, an European species, presents a fair type. It is of a brilliant golden green, with beautifully carved wing-covers. In France it is called "the gardener," and treated with a great deal of consideration. It ranges the fields, and even the public roads, destroying a vast number of caterpillars, slugs and other insects injurious to vegetation. It will even attack the cockchafer, one of the largest and most destructive of European beetles. It is a very common sight in the spring to see a carabus catch a chafer, cut him open and devour him. When first seized, the chafer, in his struggles to escape, generally drags his lighter-built captor along with him. But the carabus hangs on till, wearied out, his wretched victim turns on his back and gives up the fight.

The larvæ or young of the carabus, like those of the rest of the family, and of the tiger-beetles, of which we shall presently speak, are fully as ferocious as the perfect insect, though, of course, less active. During the day they lie hidden under stones and clods, but at night are mighty hunters, and do a great deal of good work for the gardener. The serrated carabus, found with us, is black bordered with brilliant purple.

Of the carabidæ family, however, the largest and handsomest members are found among the calosomas, or caterpillar hunters. As a type of the species, we give an illustration of the *Calosoma sycophanta*, of Europe. The beetle, itself, is represented in the act of climbing a tree, toward a nest of processionary caterpillars. In the middle of the nest will be noticed a grub some six or seven times larger than the rest of the inmates. This is the larvæ of the calosoma. Réaumur asserts that he never opened a processionary caterpillar's nest in which he did not find one or more of these grubs. Though the beetle—in color a lovely blue-green—is so handsome as to have received the name of calosoma—beautiful-bodied—its larvæ is a black, unsightly creature. It is a deadly foe to all caterpillars, and seems to pursue the processionaries with especial fury. As one of them will devour several large caterpillars in a day, it is easy to imagine what

havoc they create. The caterpillars have no means of escape or defence. They can neither abandon their nest nor expel the intruder. All that they can do is to go out and eat, and come back and be eaten.

A common species with us is the *Calosoma scrutator*—"The beautiful-bodied searcher." This magnificent beetle is very destructive to that greatest of orchard pests, the canker-worm. It is of the same general shape as the calosoma figured in our engraving. Its hues, however, are much more brilliant and varied. The head and breast are dark purplish black, the latter with a greenish coppery margin. Beneath it is of a deep, shining green, with coppery markings. The wing-covers, of a bright, lustrous green, have a broad margin of a coppery red, and are marked lengthwise with fine lines, and little scattered points. The legs are blackish-brown with purple reflections.

Another very common caterpillar-hunter, found in fields, where it lies in little holes in the sod, or under logs and stones where the ground is moist, is the hot or glowing calosoma (*C. Calidum*). Its general color is shining black, relieved on the wing-covers by six rows of bright copper hued impressed spots, thus bearing a fanciful resemblance to a vessel of glowing coals with a perforated cover. Hence its specific name. "It devours caterpillars with great avidity," says Bethune, "in both its larval and perfect



CALOSOMA SYCOPHANTA AND PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

states, and is a capital hand at reducing the numbers of those horrid pests, the cut-worms. We usually transport a number of these big beetles into our garden every spring to keep down these cutters off of our young cabbage plants."

Next to the Carabidæ the elegantly-formed and brilliantly-tinted Cicindela, or tiger beetles, seem to be most serviceable to the agriculturist, and deserve marked mention among our insect friends. As a type of the family, we introduce to the reader the *Cicindela campestris*, or field cicindela, of Europe. Its scientific name—*Cicindela*, literally "glow-worm"—is due to the wonderful and sparkling brilliancy of its metallic tints. The common name of tiger-beetle was given to it on account of its eminently predaceous habits. It is a marvellously agile creature, loving the sunlight and warm sandy banks.

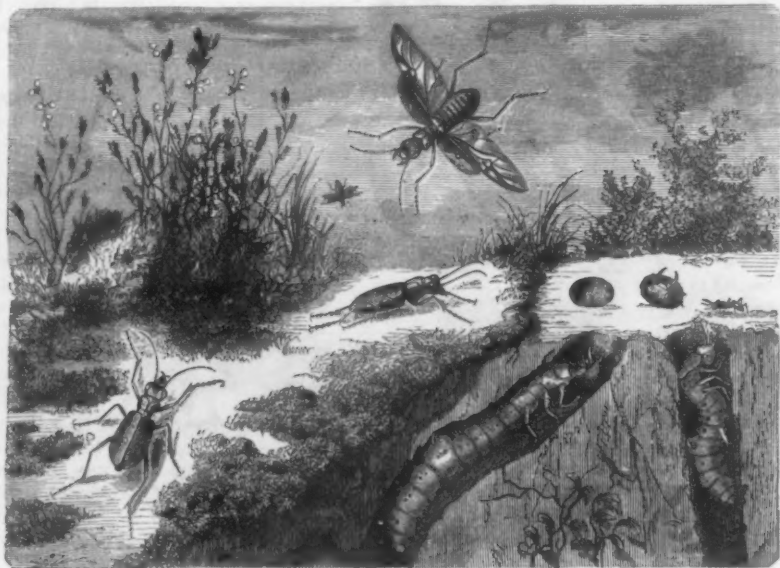


Flying about with restless energy and incredible activity, its movements dazzle the eye. The prevailing tint is a beautiful sea-green, with coppery hues on the head and edges of the wing-covers, which, in the sun, look like gleams of fire.

The larvæ of the tiger beetle present peculiarities of structure and habits which are not to be found elsewhere. Both larvæ and perfect insects are met with in the same spots. The full-grown beetles possess in themselves all the advantages incident to a predaceous animal. Powerfully armed, they apprehend no resistance from the insects doomed to be their prey. Closely mailed, they fear no wounds. Gifted with a wonderful agility, they easily escape from an enemy too powerful to be resisted. In their larval condition, the cicindelæ have all the voracity of their parents. With a thin skin, easily lacerated,

in a chimney, with its head and mandibles closing the entrance to its hole, it awaits with inflexible patience until an ant or some other small insect passes over it. At the very first touch the larvæ precipitates itself to the bottom of the tunnel, whilst the ground gives way under the feet of the ant, which, sliding downward, is seized and devoured. Having finished its repast, the larvæ again ascends to its post, to play over again his part of a living trap. When about to become a nymph, the insect closes the opening of its tunnel, and there awaits tranquilly the great change in its life.

More than a hundred different species of tiger-beetles are known to inhabit North America. Their general habits and appearance, as well as those of their larvæ, may be gathered from the description already given of their European representative. The



TIGER BEETLES (*Cicindela campestris*) AND LARVÆ.

and a long, heavy body on short legs, rendering rapid flight impossible, these imperfect creatures nevertheless find no difficulty in obtaining food without exposing themselves to serious peril. Their claws are short, broad and spiny, thus enabling them to dig readily into the earth. With these, and its hard, shovel-like head, the insect excavates a perpendicular tunnel, which, turning at a certain depth, finally forms a horizontal gallery. The hole thus formed is a foot or more deep. On the eighth segment of the insect's body, which is there swelled out to an unusual size, are two fleshy protuberances, provided with hooks curving toward the head. Ascending to the upper part of its tunnel, the larvæ, by a contracting movement, props the swollen part of its body against the wall, and there fixes itself firmly with the help of its hooks. Squatted like a sweep

common cicindela of this country is a little more than half an inch in length, about half as broad, of a dull-purplish color above, and a bright brassy green beneath. Each wing-cover is marked by three irregular transverse whitish lines. It is frequently met with during summer on sunny roads and sandy banks. Another common species is the hairy-necked tiger-beetle, which, though smaller than the preceding, bears a strong general resemblance to it. Its neck, however, is covered, as is indicated by the name, with whitish hairs.

The purple tiger-beetle, so called from its bright metallic purple hue, is nearly the same size as the common cicindela, and is often found with it. It is one of the first to appear in the spring. Another beautiful species, sometimes found in open gardens, but more usually in partially shaded places, where

it selects some projecting stone or log as a post of observation, is the six-spotted tiger-beetle. It is of brilliant metallic green, with six tiny white spots on its wing covers.

Though their food consists mainly of insects, like themselves, inhabiting the water, and feeding upon water-plants of no great value, the water beetle, to which we next call attention, nevertheless merits to some little extent at least, the honor of being ranked among our insect friends.

brooks, the dytiscus has, by its activity and voracious habits, gained for itself the title of "the shark of the insect world."

The full-grown beetle and the wingless larvæ alike feed upon animal food, incessantly pursuing other water insects, small shell-fish, tadpoles, and young fish. Even frogs have fallen a prey to the perfect beetle. This is to be understood of the European species. Packard, our American authority, claims no more for our native species than that the



GREAT EUROPEAN DIVING-BEETLE (*Dytiscus marginalis*) AND LARVÆ.

The water-beetles are divided into two principal families—the "diving beetle" (*Dytiscidae*), and the "whirligigs" (*Gyrinidae*).

As a type of the diving beetles, we may instance the great diving-beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*) of Europe. It, with its larvæ, is very correctly figured in our engraving, a study of which will enable any one to recognize our native species, of which at least two are common in all our ponds. Living in stagnant marshes, ditches, and the still parts of rivers and

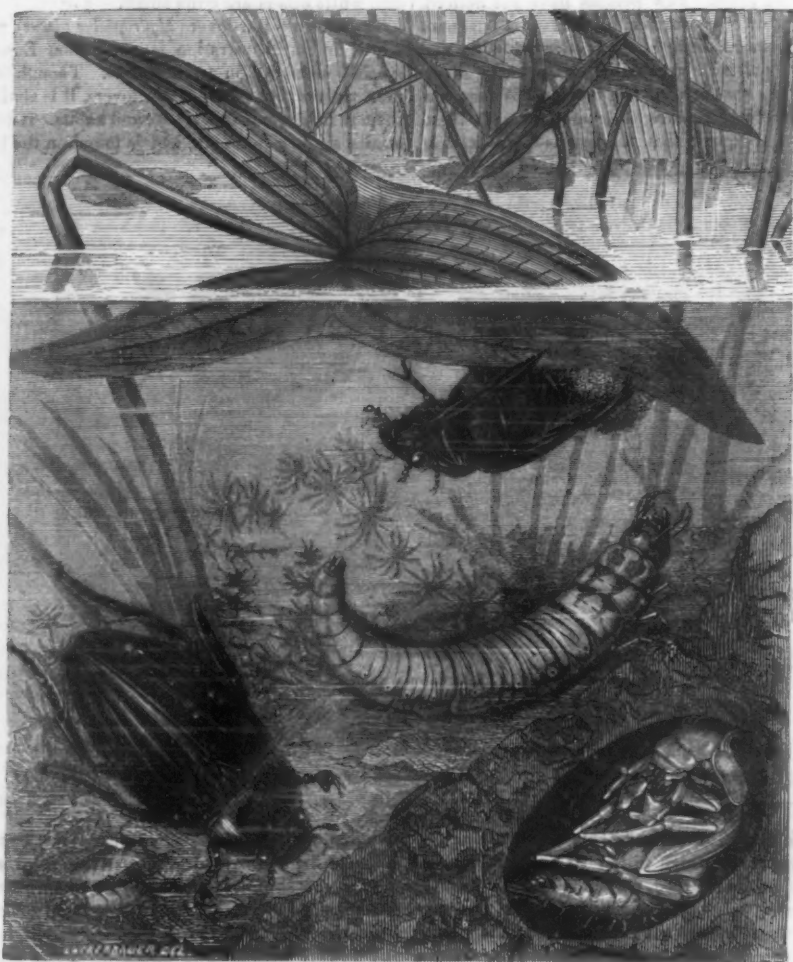
larvæ, with their scissor-like jaws, "snip off the tails of young tadpoles," and are "even known to attack young fishes, sucking their blood."

These insects make very amusing pets for the aquarium, where they frequently live for two or three years. They can be tamed so as to come readily to be fed with small earth-worms, house-flies, bits of raw meat, and the like. Care must be taken to cover the top of the aquarium with gauze, to prevent the perfect insect from flying away.

When full-grown, the great diving-beetle is of a deep greenish-brown above, with the under parts of a rather bright rust color. Each ring or segment of the abdomen is bordered with black, and the wing-covers are edged with yellow. Its egg-shaped body, with sharp sides, permits it to cut through the water very easily, the hind legs serving as oars. Its wings are large, and it flies readily from one pond to

little air-chamber, sufficient to last the beetle for some time.

The female lay their eggs in the water. From these are presently hatched the larvæ, ill-favored, hairy creatures, ravenous feeders, and growing rapidly. Their color is yellowish-gray, varied with brown. The head is large, rounded, with six eyes on each side, and furnished with sharp, sickle-shaped



THE BROWN WATER-LOVER (*Hydrophilus piceus*), LARVÆ AND PUPA.

another. It has to come to the surface of the water to breathe. The breathing-holes are on the back of the abdomen, under the wing covers, and so protected that no water can enter them. When the insect wants fresh air, it rises to the surface, lifts up its wing-covers, and then, lowering them suddenly, a quantity of air is gathered under them, as if in a

jaws, fitted for both cutting and sucking. Two leaf-like appendages, used as oars, form a sort of tail. Near these are the breathing holes of the insect, which, when it wishes to inhale fresh air, hangs with its head downward and its tail on the top of the water. When about to enter the pupa state, the larvæ leave the water, and form cells in the mud or sand,

where they fold themselves up like babes in swaddling clothes. In two or three weeks, if in summer, but not till the next spring, if in autumn, the pupa skin is thrown off, and the perfect insect emerges from the cell. By reference to the engraving, a pupa, folded up in its cell, will be seen in the lower left-hand corner, while on the right hand are two larvæ, one in the act of devouring another water insect. In the middle foreground is a perfect insect swimming, while above it is another taking its flight to some new feeding-place. Few persons have not noticed, especially on the surface of still and stagnant waters, flocks of little black beetles whirling and circling about with great rapidity in every direction. These are the whirligig beetles. When occupied in their insect dance, their motions, says Westwood, are so quick that the eye is perplexed in

which it is generally observed, to see objects above it in the air, and below it in the water.

Besides the diving-beetles and whirligigs, there is yet another great family of beetles, termed "water-lovers" (*Hydrophilidae*). The members of this family live either in the water or on the damp margins and shores of streams and ponds. In the perfect state they feed upon decaying vegetable matter, but are carnivorous as larvæ. Many of these "water-lovers" are found with us. Some species attain a very large size, while others are quite small.

The brown water-lover (*Hydrophilus piceus*), represented in our illustration, is a common European species, met with in fresh waters. Though larger than most of our native water-lovers, it is similar to them in its general appearance and habits. It usually attains an inch in length, and is found on the leaves



GLOW-WORMS (*Lampyris noctiluca*)—WINGED MALES AND WINGLESS FEMALES.

following them, and dazzled by the brilliancy of their wing-cases, which glitter like bits of polished silver. When disturbed, they dive beneath the surface, carrying with them, attached to the hinder portion of their bodies, a little bubble of air, which shines like a globule of quicksilver. Sometimes they may be taken flying, their large wings enabling them to change their abode without difficulty, when compelled to do so by the drying up of their native pool. Their food consists for the most part of small dead insects. When touched, they discharge from the pores of the body a milky fluid, of a very disagreeable odor. Unlike those of most insects, their eyes consist of two distinct pairs, one on the upper and the other on the lower surface of the head, thus enabling the insect, in the peculiar situation in

of aquatic plants. In seizing it, care must be taken, as its breast is provided with a strong point, which pierces the skin. It draws in air by thrusting its feelers out of the water, and placing them against its body, the bubbles of air, caught in a sort of furrow, slip under the body and fasten upon the hairs in such a manner that the insect seems to be clad in pearls. It is thus the air reaches the breathing-holes. The female is sometimes seen clinging to aquatic plants, head downward, spinning her cocoon. This cocoon is terminated by a long pedicle, and in it she places her eggs, by means of two bristles at the extremity of the abdomen. Having dragged the cocoon after her for some time, she finally leaves it to itself in a still place. A fortnight later, there emerge from it little brown larvæ, which display



great activity, climbing the stems of the water-plants. These live on plants, and on small molluscs, whose shells they break by pressing them against their backs. When attacked, they emit a black liquid, which clouds the water, and enables them to escape. At the end of two months the larvæ forsakes the water, and burrowing into the ground, enters the pupal stage of its existence, becoming a perfect insect a month later. By this time summer has ended, and our water-lover presently goes to sleep for the winter at the bottom of his native pond.

The carnivorous habits of the larvæ of the *Lampyridæ*, or fire-flies, entitle them to a place among our insect friends—snails, earth-worms, and even the larvæ of the plum curculio, and of certain wood-boring insects, are devoured by the young of some one or another member of the family.

In tropical countries, the fire-flies belong to two very different families of beetles—the *Elateridæ* and the *Lampyridæ*. Luminous examples of the former are rare with us, though we have myriads of the latter.

Of our native fire flies, it seems unnecessary to give any description. Few of our readers, we imagine, have not watched their fitful flashings in the early summer nights. Both sexes of our fire-flies are winged, and both appear to be equally luminous. Their European representatives have the females destitute of wings. These latter are long, flat, soft wormlike creatures, exhibiting a pale steady glow of light, whence the trivial name of glow-worm. The winged males give but a faint light. In the *Luciola*, of Italy, however, the two sexes are winged, and equally brilliant. The larvæ of the glow-worm feed on small snails, hiding in the shell after they have devoured its owner.

The light of the glow-worm, as well as that of our fire-flies, is probably produced by the slow combustion of a peculiar secretion. It has been stated, says Figuiet, that it is evolved quickly when the insect contracts its muscles, either spontaneously or under the influence of artificial excitement. Chemical experiments have been made to ascertain the nature or composition of the peculiar secretion by which this strange effect is produced; but, as yet, it has only been discovered that the luminous action is more powerful in oxygen, and ceases in gases incapable of supporting combustion.

THE peculiarities of great men are like a suit of clothes, which hang not well on any but the man who was measured for them, not to say that the misfortune of imitators often lies in this: that, in copying the lisp, the bur, the shrug, the broad accent, the ungainly and ungraceful attitude, they forget that their idol is not great by these, but in spite of them.

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.

## THE ARGONAUTA.

BY C.

THIS interesting and elegant shell is generally known by the name of Nautilus, but some authors have suggested the propriety of calling it the Argonauta. This was known and described with considerable accuracy by Aristotle, Pliny and other early writers on natural history, and that this name should be preserved, for the reason, that it was given with a classical allusion to the celebrated expedition of Jason in the ship Argo, to recover the golden fleece; in which all those who accompanied him were called Argonauts, and to whom the art of navigation is poetically described as having been pointed out, in the skilful management exhibited by the instinctive little sailor, inhabiting the Argonauta, while steering its frail bark through ocean's trackless paths. What peculiar organization enables it to rise to the surface, or sink into the depths of the ocean, cannot yet be satisfactorily explained, and Jason did not wish that knowledge, but the art of sailing.

"For thus to man the voice of Nature spake,  
Go, from the creature thy instruction take,  
Learn from the little Nautilus to sail,  
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."—Pope.

When the Nautilus has reached the surface of the water, it gradually assumes its sailing position, extending three appendages, which serve as so many oars, while in the centre of these, two spoon-shaped membranes are elevated, acting as sails, to catch the passing breeze; and thus this pretty boat is propelled and guided on its way through the azure main. On the approach of any sudden danger, or of tempestuous weather, the little mariner lowers its sails, and draws in its oars, retires into the hull of its vessel, again sinking to the bottom of the ocean, undismayed by the perils of the deep, a circumstance elegantly alluded to by Byron, when describing the dangerous vicissitudes of a sailor's life:

"The tender Nautilus, who steers his prow,  
The sea-born sailor of this shell canoe;  
The ocean Mah, the fairy of the sea,  
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free!  
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornadoes sweep  
The surf, is safe, his post is in the deep,  
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,  
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind."

This interesting little animal has perhaps furnished more matter of dispute, a greater diversity of opinion, and, in some instances, more ill-will among naturalists, than any other subject in the whole range of animated nature; and during a period of more than two thousand years, the question was not decided whether the animal invariably found in the Argonauta is the architect of that shell, or merely a pirate. The shell is divided into several cavities, by partitions.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

THE past should be as a granary from which we are to take seeds to plant for new harvests.

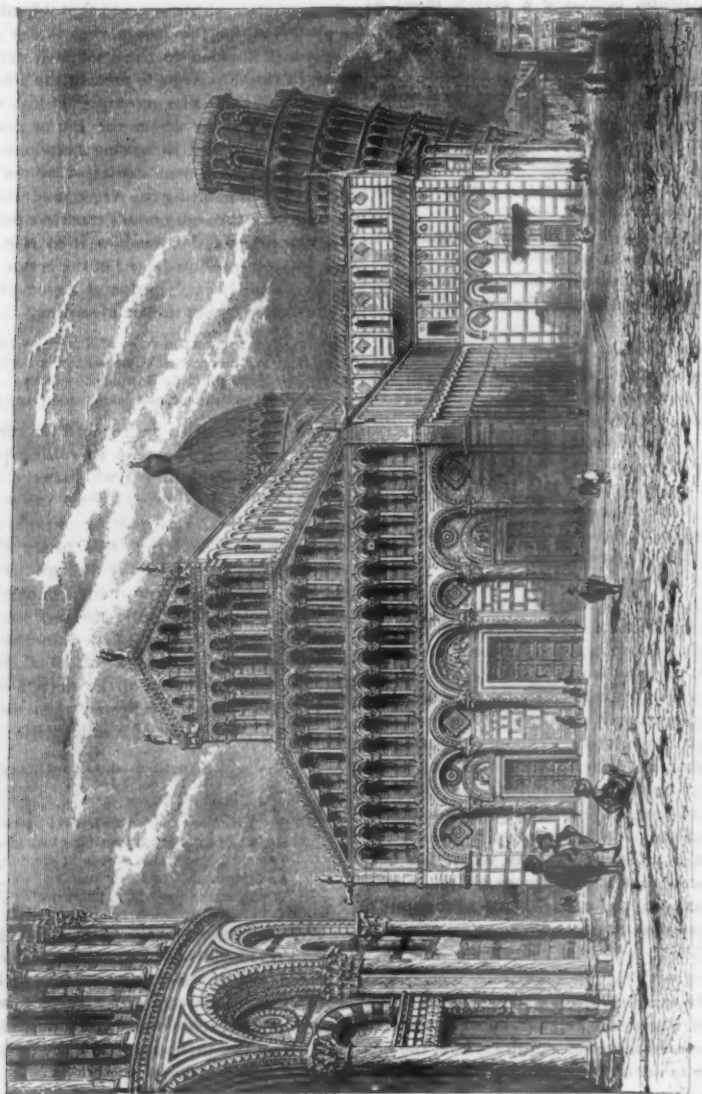


### THE THREE GREAT MONUMENTS OF PISA.

PISA has three remarkable buildings; they are all grouped together as if on exhibition, and moreover they are most favorably situated. Upon a grassy plateau on the north-western angle of

Cathedral front, he might have included within the limits of his picture the whole of the Baptistery, instead of giving but a portion.

Although the most venerable and in some respects the most beautiful of the cities of Northern Italy, Pisa is a dull, uninteresting place. Neither its popu-



the city boundary are to be found these three remarkable and superb examples of the earliest style of ecclesiastical structure; the Duomo or Cathedral, the Baptistery and the far famed Leaning Tower. So contiguous are these structures one to another that had our artist sacrificed his excellent aspect of the

relation of fifty thousand nor its eighty or ninety churches incite it to the least activity.

But for these three remarkable monuments a sense of dullness would overtake the tourist. To see them is to be repaid for all the shortcomings of the city. They satisfy the most exacting sense, and few notable

monuments so fill the measure of expectation as the Leaning Tower, which, until the eye is accustomed to the anomaly, always startles the beholder.

The first of these buildings was erected at a very early date in celebration of the victory won by the Pisans, who, assisted by the Normans, drove the Saracens out of Sicily, the issue being a naval engagement in the harbor of Palermo, which took place in the year 1063. Five years afterward the work of building this splendid edifice commenced, its final completion dating 1118.

The Duomo is built in the form of a Latin cross, with a nave, four aisles, transept and choir; its dimensions are large, the nave being three hundred and ten feet, the transept two hundred and thirty-seven feet long, the western front of the building measuring one hundred and sixteen feet across. To the summit of the dome it is one hundred and twelve feet, and this part of the structure is supported by no less than eighty-eight columns. From the roof of the nave is suspended by a long cord a massive bronze lamp, which the guides point out as the lamp whose swinging arrested the attention of the distinguished native of the city, Galileo, and suggested to him the theory of the pendulum. Further observations and experiments made upon the adjoining Leaning Tower developed the principles of gravitation, afterward given to the world by this great philosopher, the announcement of which brought upon him the persecution of the church.

In style, the Cathedral, although called by the Italians *Gotico-Moresco*, is not Byzantine, as is frequently supposed from the amount of color diffused on its exterior; color was, at that early period, often used as a substitute for sculptured decoration and colored marbles, or encaustic tiles and frescoes were freely used. The Duomo is much more beautiful externally than internally. Fastidious criticism has censured the introduction of such a meaningless abundance of columns and arches especially in the five orders of the façade, but the lightness, delicacy and beauty of their effect is indisputable, relieved by the bands of color on the walls behind them.

It is embellished with twelve altars ascribed to the hand of Michael Angelo, but this is mere conjecture. The roof of the nave and the building otherwise was seriously injured by fire in the sixteenth century, which also destroyed the famed brazen doors, one only being saved, which remains in the southern transept; judging from this one they must have been of the rudest and most primitive workmanship. Their places have been nobly substituted by the work of Giovanni di Bologna and others, and the bronze doors of these Italian artists are marvels of design and skilful execution; they were placed there in 1602.

Close by the Cathedral is its beautiful neighbor, the Baptistery, a magnificent building both externally and internally. It is a curious structure, completely circular, exactly one hundred feet in diameter, and towering to an altitude of one hundred and seventy-nine feet, surmounted by a compound

dome of exquisite proportion, capped by a curious but appropriate statue of St. John. This Baptistery, also called the church of St. John, is attributed to one Dioti Salvi, in the year 1162; it encloses an octagonal font of large proportions, and it also contains a celebrated work of that prince of carvers, Nicola Pisano, an exquisitely designed pulpit, a work of great interest and beauty, being universally considered a masterpiece.

Passing from the Baptistery and traversing the smooth platform upon which the Duomo stands, we approach the famous Leaning Tower, built as the attendant campanile or belfry of the Cathedral. It is the work of a celebrated and ingenious German architect, Wilhelm of Innsbruck, as early as 1150. It is built of the purest white marble in two concentric, thin, circular walls, between which winds the staircase; it rises in eight stories of very beautiful proportions, and is one hundred and eighty feet high.

Looking from its upper gallery extensive views of lovely landscapes stretch out before the eyes. A plumb-line dropped from the edge of its summit falls fifteen feet from the base; the perspective assists the delusion that the structure is on the point of falling. An evident change of design is observable above the third story, at which point the tower is fifty-two feet in diameter, whereas the succeeding stories diminish until the eighth is but forty feet; this was not added till the middle of the fourteenth century. This offers the strongest argument in support of the theory that a subsidence in the foundations took place after the completion of the third story, and the accident was converted into a graceful conceit by so building the tower that it would preserve its stability. The excessive inclination of the tower is no paradox, for it stands in obedience to the law of physics, by which any body of matter will maintain that position so long as a perpendicular line drawn through its centre of gravity shall fall within its base.

Other campaniles in Italy lean, especially a famous one in Bologna, but the true story of the Leaning Tower of Pisa has yet to be discovered.

Recent investigation opposes the supposition that its original design was to be an inclining structure, for all that portion of the Duomo contiguous to it has settled in every direction, showing how treacherous has been the foundation. Also, as before said, no peculiarity of its proportions is observable until above the third story, when, unlike other campaniles, the upper structure is much lighter and smaller, and the masonry is built in a spiral manner, as if to accommodate the weight on the side opposite to its inclination.

The world probably owes to its existence the discovery of the relation of the movement of the earth to the sun, afterward elaborated by Newton, for there is no doubt that the strange appearance of this tower impressed Galileo with those reflections which led to such grand deductions.

Still another remarkable curiosity stands within a few yards of the walls of the Duomo, the famous

Campo Santo or burial-ground, the earth for which was transported by the Crusaders from the Holy Land, and of which for ages miraculous virtues were attributed to the saintly soil. It is but a small walled in cemetery, but it is full of interest, and around its walls have been ranged a perfect museum of antiquities, Egyptian sarcophagi, tombs, frescoes, monuments and other antiquities. Within its walls the school of Giotto studied.

### DO YOUR WORK WELL.

"ARE you going to let that pass?" said one workman to another, a shade of surprise in his voice.

"Why not?" was the answer. "It will never be seen."

"Would you buy the article, if you knew just how it was made?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it might give out in a year, instead of lasting five years."

"And are you going to let the job pass, when you know that whoever buys it will be cheated?" said the fellow-workman.

"Oh, you're more nice than wise," returned the other, with a toss of his head. "You draw things too fine."

"Suppose Mr. Gray, down at the store, were to sell you stuff for pants that he knew would drop to pieces in less than six months! Wouldn't you call him a swindler?"

"Perhaps I would."

"Is there really any difference in the cases? Whoever buys this article that you are making, will be cheated out of his money. You'll not deny that. As much cheated as you would be if Gray sold you rotten cloth."

The journeyman shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows.

"We must draw things fine," resumed the other, "if we would be fair and honest. Morality has no special bearing, but applies to all men's dealings with their fellow-men. To wrong another for gain to ourselves, is dishonest. Is not that so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You slight this job, that you may get it done in a shorter time than would be possible if you made it strong in every part. Thus, in order to get a dollar or two more than honest work will give, you let an article leave your hands that will prove a cheat to any man who buys it. I tell you, it isn't right! We must do as we would be done by in our work, as in everything else. There are not two codes of honesty—one for shopkeepers and one for workmen. Whoever wrongs his neighbor out of his money, cheats him."

The other journeyman turned away from his monitor, looked half offended and bent over his workbench. At first, he went on finishing his job;

but after awhile, his fellow-workman saw him take out a defective piece of wood, and then remove another which had not been properly squared and jointed. Observing him still, he saw him detach a piece which had simply been driven into place, and which gave no real strength, and after selecting another, three or four inches longer, set it by mortice and tenon firmly into the article he was making.

All this was done at an expenditure of time not exceeding an hour and a half.

"There," said he, in a tone of satisfaction, speaking to his fellow-workman. "If that doesn't last forever, it will be no fault of mine."

"A good, honest job," remarked the other.

"As ever was made."

"And you feel better about it than you would have done had it left your hands to cheat the purchaser out of his money?"

"Yes, I do." The answer came frankly.

"How much more time has it cost you to do this work well?" was asked.

"Oh, not over an hour or two."

"And the thing is worth ten dollars more to the buyer. In other words, is a well-made article, as it should be, and will cheat nobody. Now you have done as you would be done by; have kept your conscience clear; have acted as a Christian man should."

"Oh, as to that, I don't profess to be a Christian," said the other. "I'm no hypocrite."

"A Christian profession is one thing, and a Christian life another," answered the fellow-workman.

"All professors are not Christians. Religion is a thing of daily life, and unless it comes down into a man's work and business, isn't worth a copper. No amount of church-going, or praying, or singing, will save a man, if he isn't honest in his dealings. He must do as he would be done by—must begin just as you have begun, by refusing to wrong his neighbor, though tempted to do so that he may get an advantage for himself."

"A new kind of religion that," remarked the journeyman.

"As old as Christianity," said the other, "and the only kind that will save men. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.' He who said this, knew all about it. And I am very sure that if we begin to be just to our neighbor, to try in all things to do as we would be done by, our feet will have entered the way that leads heavenward—and though we may be a long way from that happy country, if we keep walking on we shall surely get there in the end."

IRREGULAR desires, and unreasonable undertakings, must expect to meet with disappointments. There is a proper time for all things, and nothing succeeds well but what is done in season. For there is no forcing Nature against her bias, or inverting the methods of Providence.

## THE KING AND THE FRIAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I AM afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

Those were Luther's words. In them, it seems to me, you have the key-note of the man's whole life; for, when one can say such words, as he said them, not boastfully nor heedlessly, but with a calm, steadfast resolve to live them, he has said the whole. Nothing in life can very much disturb or appall the man who feels what Luther said; he may still fear death, but he can look that in the face and fear doing "a wrong thing" more.

Nobody has learned how to live bravely and honestly until he has reached that height. It is a serene one, whatever clouds and storms may gather below.

Luther's speeches had not shaken the world at this time. I am not sure but these are the first really great words of his—and he said many in the course of his life—which history records.

Indeed, there was in the world hardly a more insignificant individual than the young Friar of Erfurt when he made that speech. He was simply the son of the poor miner of Eisleben. Going about the streets in his cowl and brown frock, only noticeable among his lazy, good-natured companions for a grim life-and-death earnestness in all he said and did, which seemed to the jolly, easy-going monks quite unnecessary, to say the least, and which doubtless afforded them a good deal of amusement, and served as a favorite whetstone for their wits, when these were a little fuddled with beer and wassail.

Yet the germs of the Reformation, so far as Luther had to do with it, were in that speech of his, the circumstances giving the words their moral majesty. The plague had entered Erfurt; the rosy-faced, gossiping friars took to their heels; there was a general swarming of the fear-stricken inhabitants; they rushed to the country, to the hills—anywhere out of the infected region. Somebody urged Luther to take flight with the rest. Then the real nature of the silent, rugged young monk shone out all the brighter, for the death-cloud which had darkened around Erfurt; and he spoke those immortal words, and—stayed.

I love to dwell on them, finding so much of the true quality of the man there. He never seems grander to me than he did when he made that answer to those who urged him to flee from danger, though he was afterward the principal figure in some of the grandest historic dramas of which the world has been the stage, and he has had the centuries for his audience.

Whenever I see the tall, commanding figure, with the broad, rugged, large-boned, German face, I seem to hear still, ringing like a clarion from peak to peak of the ages, that answer of the young Friar of Erfurt: "I am afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

Never were human words more tried in the fire. Luther had to live them; not only when the plague was at Erfurt, but all his life from the moment when he stepped forth from his professor's chair at Wittenberg, and, without any intention on his part, became the foremost man of his age—that age so crowded with illustrious names and figures of sovereigns and warriors, and he—"a beggarly monk, the son of the Saxon peasant at Eisleben!"

Every human life has, I suppose, pivotal days or moments—days that try our quality, when doing, or failing to do something we are better or worse thereafter. They are not, perhaps, the days which would strike the imagination most vividly, or those which a biographer would be likely to dwell on. Yet they are times over which the very angels may bend with breathless intentness, knowing they will not leave us as they found us.

In the life of Luther there are two days which stand out, great landmarks in his history. They are like mountains which lift themselves up from the plains of the years. We can never think of him without thinking of these two days, several years apart; the first, quiet and unruffled as any commonplace day, and yet, with an underlying significance, which gives it an almost awful solemnity to those who turn back and look at it; the other, full of splendid dramatic power, with its crowned sovereign and princes, and starred warriors and mailed knights, and the tall, solitary figure of that brown-froked monk in the midst—the newly-crowned young Emperor of Germany, not so much the object of all men's gaze.

You know what these two days were—one was when Luther nailed his "Propositions" to the door of the parish church at Wittenberg; the other, when he stood before the Diet of the Empire, in the town-hall at Worms, and in the presence of the monarch and his ministers, refused to retract. Yet, I cannot help thinking both these days had been impossible without that other, long ago, when the people were flying from the plague-stricken town, and the young monk made his quiet answer, while they were urging him to leave.

If that had been the end, history would never have taken any notice of it; yet all that followed in the life of the great Reformer was in that speech.

And now let us go back a moment to one of these days—not the most vivid and picturesque; not the one which strikes most powerfully the historic imagination, yet the last grew naturally enough out of the first.

It is morning, the thirty-first of October, fifteen hundred and seventeen. One likes to turn back a moment and see what kind of world it is which the sun has risen on this day, lying away back in the



crowded centuries more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

What are they doing and thinking in this young century which is hardly out of its childhood yet, but which has some instinct at its heart of great things to come, and whose eyes look off with a new light and hope to the future—that future so full of seething and storm, and pulling down and breaking up of all creeds and traditions and forms of thought?

There it stands, the young century, with the first rays of the new dawn upon its forehead. Behind it lie the old centuries in their crypts. Feudalism and chivalry have had their day. A new world is coming. Yet the old order of things in church and state and human affairs seems to stand solid and massive still. There is no hint of change or shaking to the great ones of the earth—kings and princes and their counsellors. Yet in this peaceful October morning the tempest is gathering which is to shake the world.

It is now almost seventy years since Constantinople fell before the legions of Mahomet. Every school-boy knows how that event opened Greek letters to Southern Europe, and that the Middle Ages were over on the day that the Crescent mounted where the Cross had shone so long over the ancient city.

Great names there were on the thrones of Europe this last sunrise of October fifteen hundred and seventeen.

Only the year before the greatest of them all had been stricken from the list, for the crafty, ambitious, greedy Ferdinand had gone to his Spanish tomb.

A quarter of a century before, Columbus had given the monarch a new world, and for his reward been brought home in chains, and sent at last, broken-hearted, by coldness, suspicion and neglect, to his grave.

Ferdinand's young grandson, Charles the Fifth, whose years just measured the century's, had carried his German tastes and habits to his Spanish throne—the cold, silent, brooding boy, educated by William Croy in the Low Countries. Nobody suspected yet the strong, masterful nature, the passionate ambitions, which the hard lines and the heavy Burgundian jaw covered; the Spanish craftiness and cruelty and superstition at bottom, too. Yet that crowned boy was soon to be Emperor of Germany, Sovereign of the Low Countries, of Naples and the Indies.

His life-long rival, the handsome, chivalric, splendid Francis the First, had ascended the French throne less than three years before. He was Charles's senior by half a dozen years.

The magnificent young monarch was now at the height of his splendor and glory. A little later there were to be the dreadful reverses—the battle-field of Pavia and the gloomy prison-walls of Madrid.

Across the straits of Dover was another young king, too, about midway in his twenties—Henry the Eighth—in the flush of his pride and power discussing the classics with Erasmus, or philosophy with Thomas More, or affairs of state with his favorite and privy counsellor, Wolsey, whom his courtiers loved privately to sneer at as "that son of a butcher;"

bluff, and hearty, and debonnaire, fond of all rough English sports and ways, "loving the green woods, the hounds and the huntsman's horn;" but under all the blithe, hearty ways, the hard, dominant, merciless Tudor nature that time was to bring to light.

His young daughter, Mary, was a baby in her cradle, with her sad-faced, Spanish mother bending tenderly over it. To think of that little baby face at Greenwich and the crackling of the Smithfield fires thirty years later, and the same peaceful English skies over both!

Far away at Rome, this October day, the "Rome of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Perugino," Leo the Tenth wears the tiara. True son of the Medici, he inherits all their best qualities, their love of art, their exquisite tastes, their graces of manner, their charms of conversation. The great artists and scholars of the world form his court. Michael Angelo has just furnished the Pope with the design of St. Peter's. Leo is contriving ways and means to achieve that masterpiece of art.

This is the story of the great ones of the world on that morning we are looking at—of October thirty-first, fifteen hundred and seventeen.

For on that very morning the German monk, in his cowl and brown frock, goes up through the pleasant fields and wood-paths to the old parish church at Wittenberg. Look at the tall, broad-chested figure, at the resolute, grandly-moulded face. It is one of the foremost figures in the grouping of the first half of the fifteenth century. Standing in its own simple majesty among sovereigns, and warriors, and statesmen, that rugged, brown-frocked monk, greater than them all.

A quiet gladness looks out of the brave, kindly eyes this morning. The man has made up his mind, done his duty, and left the rest to God. It never once enters his mind that he is going to do a grand deed, he only knows that he has, in the folds of his friar's gown, "ninety-five Propositions," every one wrought out of the travail of his soul, and condensing the perplexities, the struggles, the agonies of years.

Such words always hold some marrow in them. At any rate, Luther has made up his mind to try whether they will not strike home to the German heart and conscience. And he is going to nail his Propositions up to the door of the parish church at Wittenberg. He has decided they will find a larger audience there than he can reach by any other means.

Look at the man as he moves with his rapid, characteristic gait through the pleasant German landscape. Though it was three centuries and a half ago, it is the very world where you and I are living to-day. There was a soft October sunniness on the great distant hills of Saxony, and there were tender rustles of wind in the birches and oaks by the roadside, and low, happy voices of running brooks, and murmurous hums of insects, and sometimes the delicious richness of a robin's song breaking out suddenly from a thicket.



Then the brown-froaked monk would halt and listen, and a great gladness would come up into his face. We all know how fond he was of music; how passionately he loved all the beauty and variety of nature as she showed herself to him in the heart of that pleasant world of Saxony where he had lived all his life.

Nothing, we may be certain, escaped the monk's bright, observant eyes in that morning's walk to the church of Wittemberg—a walk whose echoes will reach far beyond our own time. He must have seen the soft gold of the daisies shining among the high pastures, and the crimson glow of the clover in the fields—those great broad, sea-like fields of Saxony—and marked how the light frosts had been at work on the rich grasses of the low meadows.

Sometimes, too, a cloud darkens over the face, sensitive as a woman's for all its rugged Teutonic moulding. He thinks of what is going on this fair October day in the pleasant Prussian towns, wherever Tetzel comes with his gilded chariot and his Papal Bull on the velvet cushion, and the processions of monks before him and the nuns behind, and the waving of banners along the streets, and the pealing of bells, and the slow German nature working itself up into a mad riot of holiday, and the cheap pardons scattered broadcast at the decorated altar. "God's pardons" they call them. What a fiery scorn flashes from those deep-set orbs, such as must have blazed out of the old prophets' eyes when they hurled their derision at the false gods of the people.

Luther's gaze seems actually to see the face of the devil leering and grinning amid all the glare and noise. You know he believed in a living personal devil, with all that strong, simple, impassioned soul of his.

So, Pope Leo has found a way at last to build St. Peter's.

The monk reaches the parish church at last. How peacefully the old building lies sleeping in the autumn sunshine!

He takes out his papers and seizes his hammer. It seems as though the world must stand still, holding its breath to listen, for it is one of its great historic moments; but there is no stir in the stillness, only the happy hum of brown insects in the grass, the whisper of winds, the throb of a butterfly's wing along the bright, golden air.

Stroke! stroke! stroke! goes the monk's hammer. You may be sure the stalwart arm struck the blows straight home. Luther was always so thoroughly in earnest in what he did—life being something very solemn and real to him.

You almost seem to hear the sound of that hammer reverberating down the ages. They are to shake thrones and kingdoms; to fill the generations with deadly strife and mighty wars; they are to kindle lurid lights of the stake all over the land; and, at last, after all the struggling and misery, they are to ring in the new day of God's light and peace and liberty.

So, the work is done. I fancy Luther standing still and surveying his "Propositions" on the ancient church-door, at Wittemberg. There must have been a quiet exultation in his eyes, yet I do not suppose that it once entered his mind that he had done a brave or noble deed.

The people, as they went by to business, to market, to pleasure, would pause and read curiously what was posted on the church-door.

If there was any truth or right—God's eternal right at bottom, he could trust the German heart and conscience to find it out.

So, the monk went his way quietly, steadfastly, as he had come.

He did not know that those strokes of his had rung in the hour of the Reformation. Yet he must have known that he had done a fearless, perhaps a dangerous thing, for the Propositions were aimed at Tetzel's Pardons. And behind that gilded car of his was the mightiest power of the earth.

Yet, I am certain that, consciously or unconsciously, there must have been that morning in Luther's soul the same feeling with which, long ago, he had answered when the plague was at Erfurt: "I am afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

That other great day of Luther's life lies more than four years farther up in the century. It forms one of the world's grand historic dramas. It is familiar to every school-boy. It furnishes to writers and artists one of the most magnificent subjects of all time; yet, with all its splendor of movement and color, it ought always to be set against that other quiet day, with the gray haze haunting the soft German landscape, and the tall, rugged figure of the old monk going up through the autumn to the parish church. Only four years, and this day at Worms has blossomed out of that one at Wittemberg! This sudden fruition could not have been in any other age; but, in the moral, as in the physical world, when the soil is ripe, God's sun and dews do their work rapidly.

So, in these four years Luther's name had been sounded all over Europe. It had been heard in the secret councils of the cardinals and in the ante-chambers of palaces; and, what was better than this, it had become a sound of hope and courage to the toiling artisans in the swarming cities and the lonely peasants among the mountains; and now in this old German town of Worms, the eighteenth of April, fifteen hundred and twenty-one, the name of the miner's son is on every lip; men speak it with bated breath and in every key-note of human passions—in hate and fear, in doubt and perplexity, in defiance and tenderness.

And the old German city holds to-day the greatest assemblage of the world. The Diet of the Empire has convened in the ancient town-hall, at the summons of the newly-elected sovereign, and for the first time and the last, Charles the Fifth and the Friar of Erfurt stand face to face!

What a moment it is, when the monk is led up to

the dais, through all the splendor of that vast crowd of starred warriors and mighty princes and gorgeously-arrayed cardinals, to the presence of the monarch of Spain, of Germany, of the Netherlands, the Low Countries and the Indies.

Such a young man as he was—that newly-elected emperor of Germany, his age just corresponding with the centuries, and he held Luther's life in his hand at that moment, and each man knew it as he looked at the other!

There he stands—the friar in his frock, with his calm, rugged, fearless face, and Charles gazes at him with those cold, calm eyes of his, and the heavy, resolute, Austrian mouth, on whose words rests the fate of nations.

Judging from his later conduct, Charles's secret impulse at that moment must have been to send Luther to the scaffold or the stake. Had he been in his own Spain or among his native Low Countries, he could hardly have hesitated, but he had just been elected emperor of the Germans, and in the safe-conduct which he had granted Luther, the national honor was involved, and the emperor shrank from outraging, on his accession, that old, Teutonic sense of honesty and good faith, which was ingrained in the German character.

Luther knew perfectly well—perhaps better than any one else did, that he was taking his life in his hand, on that day when he entered the German Diet, and stood in the presence of the greatest monarch of the world.

All through that strange, wonderful journey from Wittenberg to Worms, secret and open warnings had beset the monk that his life would certainly be the price of his temerity, that no good faith would be observed with a heretic; and the Council of Constance and the fate of John Huss had been solemnly held up before him, and Luther had answered in the old, steadfast tones of his youth at Erfurt: "If the emperor calls, it is God's call—I must go. If I am too weak to go in good health, I shall have myself carried thither sick. They will not have my blood, after which they thirst, unless it is God's will. Two things I cannot do—shrink from the call nor retract my opinions."

So here he was to-day, at the foot of the throne itself; the greatest Paladin of the Reformation met face to face with its greatest enemy; and in that high presence Luther stood calm and tranquil and told his story and avowed his faith, seeing all the time a greater Sovereign and a grander court, before which Charles the Fifth, and all the princes and pomp of that hour faded and dwindled into dimness and insignificance.

Then came the great moment in which all that vast assemblage held its breath as one man, and listened for Luther's reply when he was called on to retract his heresies. Oh, Friar of Erfurt—oh, teacher of Wittenberg, will your strong heart fail you now! for life or death, in all human probability, hangs upon your answer—the swift pang of the scaffold, or the slow, sharper agony of the stake.

The monk stands quite still—the soft, spring sunshine falls through the tall, high windows on the splendid canopy, on the steel-clad warriors and the crowned princes, and they hear the clear, solemn tones of the monk as he answers: "I will retract nothing unless convicted by the very passages of the Word of God which I have read."

Then, after a moment's pause, looking up with dauntless eyes into the face of that vast assemblage, up, too, into the face of the young monarch on whose word hung his life, he spoke those immortal words that will live as long as the old German tongue: "Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God. Amen."

The sublime courage of the man struck a responsive chord in that vast crowd; even the cold, stern soul of the half-Burgundian, half-Spanish emperor was impressed by it, and bigot, tyrant, miser and glutton though he was, Charles the Fifth was never a coward. He knew a brave man, too. The heretic's courage extorted something like praise even from the sovereign of the Netherlands. In the face of that speech he could not sentence Luther to death, and the monk was allowed to go out unharmed from the presence of the sovereign; and the princes of the empire, the warriors and the priests watched the tall, rugged figure as it went tranquilly down through their midst.

We all know how it ended. A mighty storm of passions shook the assemblage. Spaniards and Italians were clamorous for the blood of the heretic. But the great German party stood firm. Even those who hated the man and believed his opinions deadly insisted that his safe-conduct must be respected, but Luther barely escaped with his life, the emperor placing him under the ban of the empire, and pronouncing his condemnation in the severest terms; and the Reformer was only saved by that long, friendly imprisonment at the Wartburg, where the good elector hid the monk securely from his foes.

Thirty-five years later when the great monarch, weary and worn with power and pomp, laid down his crown and sceptre, and, an old man, when others have only reached the prime of their vigor, buried himself in the lonely monastery of Yuste, Charles lamented, among the sins and follies of his youth, the great one of permitting Luther to go from his sight that day at Worms before he had passed sentence of death upon him.

From his Austrian father, much more from his Spanish mother, Charles had inherited his hardness and bigotry. As he grew older, as defeats and disappointments darkened about the marvellous prosperity of his youth, the native gloom of his temperament, the taint of insanity in his blood became more apparent in his conduct.

No doubt that lonely life at Yuste added a fresh tinge of gloom to the emperor's reminiscences and meditations.

Certain it is, that, not content with the dreadful record of his own persecutions and cruelties, he resolved to atone for a single instance of lenity in his

youth by his intolerance to the followers of the man whose life he had spared.

Luther was beyond his power. Beloved and honored, the great Paladin of the Reformation had gone in peace to his grave. He was beyond the reach of Charles the Fifth; but the codicil of the monarch's will, in which he enjoined his son, Philip the Second, to follow up without mercy or favor every heretic in his dominions, shows a spirit of inhumanity and bigotry at which one can only shudder.

And the seed fell into ripe soil. The monarch went to his long rest in the dark chambers of the Escorial, and with axe and fagot Philip did his best to carry out his father's mandate; but it was too late; the hour had been struck long ago, when the monk fastened his "thesis" on the old church door at Wittenberg; and the real victory had been won when he went out from the monarch's presence, from the princes and warriors, and all the pride and pomp in the old town-hall of Worms.

## MAKING A HOME IN EARLY TIMES.

### A REMINISCENCE.

BY M. L. OSBOURNE.

DEAR, happy childhood! Are there any pictures more lovely than those scenes that we look back upon and see in our memory as gilded with the rising sun? How they contrast with the care-burdens of after years. They are our beautiful flowers through which is formed the golden fruit of life, and that must brave the storm as well as drink in the sunshine before it is perfected.

One of those pictures is before me now. Wisconsin was then a territory, and father was working a hired farm not far from the shores of Lake Michigan—working diligently, and spending for nothing except the bare necessities of life, that he might the sooner procure the means to go out and get a farm of his own; mother at her loom—though "looking well to the ways of her household"—was doing all in her power to help; while we, their children, danced in eager expectation of the good time coming. Every change brought to us new excitement, and the prospect of soon taking a long journey in a covered wagon was very ecstasy. Of course the older ones shared the toil of our parents, and possibly a shade of their care; but youth wears care lightly, and it is well that it is so, their very light-heartedness makes them cheery companions of those who are burdened for their sakes.

Two years of hard work on the hired farm, two years *click, clack*, of the old loom, and they had made and saved enough to start; but with the grain to be drawn off to market, and many other things to do, we could not go before the winter set in.

When we left the farm, we had to move into an old deserted log cabin, so open and shaky that we could scarcely keep from freezing in very cold weather; it was wanting, too, in that luxury of cabin furniture—the old fireplace—and we had to cook and keep warm by the last days of a poor old stove that we got from a neighbor.

Sometime in January the last load of grain was marketed, and we were ready to move; father and my oldest brother had gone with the first load, and would shortly return for the family. Amos—who was then fourteen—was left to see to things at home.

One night while they were gone, the wind whirled

into the north, and besides being cold enough in the morning to freeze us, it was blowing straight into the stove-pipe, which stuck out through the side of the house.

Amos tried to build a fire, but it only filled the house with smoke; mother got up to help him, but it was of no use, the wind was too strong, the draught went the wrong way, and the smoke would come out at the bottom.

"We'll take the pipe out of that," said mother, "and put it straight up; it isn't long enough to reach the roof, but there are places enough for the smoke to get out; if it sets the old thing afire, we sha'n't be much worse off, for we shall freeze here if we can't get a fire started."

They put up the pipe as mother said, and found that it operated better than they had expected; the fire burned excellently, and the smoke went out at the top where it pleased, but it did not set the house on fire.

The rest of us stayed in bed until the job was completed; then mother hung bed-quilts around the wall to keep out the wind, and then we were quite comfortable.

In a few days father and Herbert returned. There was a friend, an old neighbor of former times, living out nearly a hundred miles farther west; he had lately moved his family into a good new house, and the old one, though small, was snug and comfortable, and he gladly allowed us to occupy it until spring. This would give father a better chance to look around the country and select his farm.

It was not many days before the big "covered wagon" stood at the door; the bedding and other things were packed around to shelter us from the cold; a large kettle was set in front nearly filled with hot coals, so that we could warm our feet and hands when they got cold; two yoke of oxen were put before the wagon, and we were loaded in. Father drove the team and the boys drove the two cows. So we started, with all our household goods, our cattle and our dog, and all our family, *save one*—ah, Beessie!

Wasn't it too bad? Somebody else had found out the treasure that mother had in her "grown-up"

daughter, and all at once discovered how very lonely was his own bachelor home with nobody to speak to but his old cat, and—well, the promise to love, cherish and protect was given, and Bessie went with her loving heart to brighten his home, and share his joys and sorrows, before we started westward to find ours.

We could not "camp out" according to the general fashion of the times, the weather was too cold for that, but we travelled with but little more expense. Mother had prepared plenty of food for the journey, and at the log-cabin hotels where we stayed over night got permission to use the kitchen fire and table, and made coffee and set us a warm supper and breakfast. It was like moving and keeping house at the same time. In that way comfort and economy were both considered; but I have often wondered where we could find such accommodating hostesses now.

Father would fill up the kettle with fresh coals in the morning, and through the day would occasionally get a chance to renew them at some farm-house along the road; everything was done that could be to keep us comfortable; and I have heard my mother say, years after, that she never travelled with so much comfort as at that time.

The roads were excellent all of the way, and on the evening of the fourth day we came to our journey's end. Father pointed out the house to us as we came in sight of his friend's place; we almost shouted we were so glad, for we were getting tired of travelling, and were quite as well pleased to stop as we were to start.

The family were looking for us, and gave us a warm welcome, and in a few days we were settled in the snug little cabin that was to be our home for the rest of the winter. Now we were nearly through moving. Our journey in the spring would be a short one. Now we could sit by the fire—for that cabin had a fireplace—and enjoy the comforts of home. That was a very small place to live in, but no home of my parents was ever small enough to shut out love and peace, nor ever large enough to admit family jars; so, kind reader, come in and rest with us by the blazing fire—it was a little wearisome.

#### IRISH LADIES.

**H**APPENING to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself. But before deciding, I asked a question or two: "Is it a big thing?"

"Never saw anything so grand in town!"

"What class of women?"

"The first class; the very best from Queenstown, Cork—in fact, the most beautiful women in the world."

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Killarney selling "mountain dew and goat's milk," and in fact for

some time had seen almost nothing else. But I had seen the common class only—the servants, peddlers and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I made up my mind to go. I thanked the gentleman, and began at once on my hair and clothes.

The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsets a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion.

Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms, and were honored with marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this rigmarole in order to say something about the physical development of those Irish ladies.

The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine arms, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown me her arms—candle-dips, No. 8—and has asked, "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I have said, "Work—work as she does, and you will have her arms," the lady has generally said, "Oh, that is not work, that comes from climate. I tell you if I had been brought up in Bridget's climate, I should have had her fine bust, but this terrible, dry American air takes all the juices out of us."

My curiosity was on tip-toe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this moist, even climate, but without work, would look.

I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty and very prettily dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin.

They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, ambition, prayer—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. *Exercise, exercise! work, work!* this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. *Work* is the appointed means.—*Dio Lewis in To-Day.*

A CELEBRATED boss painter in Brooklyn made a contract with a German to paint his house. When the bargain was closed, the German wanted the painter to take a glass of Rhine wine. "No," said the painter; "I am a Son of Temperance, and never drink any kind of intoxicating drinks." "I am right glad I gave you the contract," said the German, "for these temperance men always do their work well, and they behave like gentlemen."

GOVERN your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company.



## CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

*Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.*

## CHAPTER X.

## EUREKA!

FERGUS LAURIE was already established as a domestic friend at Mrs. Harvey's hearth. He seemed everybody's visitor as much as Milly's, and yet he would have been nobody's visitor but for her, for he was no special favorite with any one else there. But all the Harveys had a genuine tolerant respect for each other, and for each other's tastes and wishes, and once they found there was a substantial friendship between Fergus and Milly, they refrained from little criticisms, and opened their eyes fully to all that was really likeable in Mr. Laurie. And they each found something. Even Miss Brook and Mrs. Webber were obliged to own that he was remarkably industrious, energetic and quick. George could fully appreciate his enlargement of mind and aim. Christian acknowledged his wonderful will force, saying that "it was half the material for the finest character." And yet her feeling toward him was curiously touched with a pity, which she never seemed to bestow on him whom most of the others called "poor David Maxwell." Milly was not affronted when she noticed this—there was a mysterious dash of pity in her own admiration—as indeed there is in most feminine admiration, where the hero is mentally summed up as so much courage, so much fortitude, so much wisdom, and such a broken leg! Only Milly felt that Christian's pity was not a component part of any admiration, but stood quite alone.

It can easily be understood that the new firm had a hard battle to fight. Not with anything but its own circumstances. Fergus's old masters were quite kindly disposed, and actually bestowed two or three signal favors on the early days of "Laurie and Co." David was delighted, hailing these, not only as practical benefits, but as proofs that Fergus's ideal of mutual help and honor was already not unknown in business matters. But Fergus was not so pleased as might have been expected. He acknowledged these favors with cool reserve, putting down David's eager gratitude with a quiet remark that he knew what these people were, and what their kindness was worth. When one of these kindnesses was shown, when the firm was sticking in a transitory difficulty, he hinted it was done because the old firm considered it no rival at all, but a mere helpless protégé, who might be safely petted and patronized, but that they would soon see differently! When another was bestowed just after a brilliant little success, Fergus said triumphantly that everybody was the friend of those who could befriend themselves. His friend's cynicism a little disappointed David. But Fergus declared that it was not because he thought evil of

human nature, he only knew it—that was all—and he liked it too, though he despised it, and it could be made very useful in its own way.

Still, as months and months passed on, the new business did not make way. It scarcely paid its current expenses, setting some of them—David's remuneration for instance—very low indeed.

David worked hard among his chemicals, striving after certain results which were the desiderata of the trade. Nobody knew much about that, because he was always at it, and never had to make it his excuse for declining or curtailing visits, because he never paid any, except to George and Christian, and somehow he had fallen into the habit of spending Sunday afternoon and evening with them, and accompanying them to church. That began when Christian's baby came, and George for awhile was without a companion. But everybody heard a great deal of the midnight oil which Fergus consumed over his ledgers and correspondence, because after he had spent an evening hour or two chatting with Mrs. Harvey and Milly, he would tell them that he had oceans of work to get through before he could go to bed. And as Milly combed out her tresses in her secret chamber, she would think of him bending over his dreary ciphers, and would smile with a happy womanly pride to think that he had doubtless felt he could go back to his toil refreshed after a little talk with—her! She could quite understand it, and she wondered how Miss Brooks could not do the same, but was so unfeeling as to say—

"He'd better work while there's daylight, and save his candles."

Still in spite of the immense amount of work that was really put into the young business, it did not prosper. Debts which should be paid immediately began to be delayed. David grew frightened, Fergus smiled serenely.

"It is always so," he said, "a great deal must be sunk out of sight before anything appears."

"But if there is not much to sink!" David suggested, and got no answer, except a dark cloud on his friend's face.

On a certain morning, Fergus averted paying a debt of six pounds—a small affair, truly, but due to a man who was somewhat pressing, and even menacing. The account was not rightly due, according to its terms of credit, till a week later, and Fergus curtly declined paying it till that date, saying that unless things were kept in their regular order, his books would get hopelessly confused. David acknowledged that the principle was right enough, but knew in this particular instance that it was the cash-box rather than the ledger which would be inconvenienced. In the afternoon, Fergus sent this very

creditor an urgent order for another article from his workshop.

"We have done without this implement till this time," David said; "don't you think we might do without it a little longer, and pay his bill before we increase it?"

"No," said Fergus, shortly. "He will trust us the more, the better customers we make ourselves, because he will not want to offend us. And we are no cheats. We mean to pay everything."

"Of course, we mean so. But can we do it?" David asked, rather timidly. The cash in the affair being chiefly his own, he felt as if any shame that there was not more of it was his too!

"I should rather think so," Fergus answered, dryly. "You can scarcely have made this scheme worth less than it was when you came into it! It was worth your sinking your money in it then. It will surely be worth other people sinking more money in it now. I knew from the first that we could not really succeed without more capital. But it is easier to borrow for a tangible affair, with a local habitation and a name, than for a mere airy castle, as this was when I came to you. Why, at the very worst, we can but arrange to give our creditors an interest in our business corresponding to their claims! But we shall have a fine sale next week."

David said nothing more, but returned quietly to his chemicals. He spent twelve hours a day in his laboratory, and he wondered what else he could possibly do to help or spare the cash-box, whose "Debtor" and "Creditor" compartments were now alike empty. He remembered that he had an old schoolmate, who had succeeded to his father's business of law-stationer. So next day David nibbled his luncheon sandwiches as he walked from Bow to Chancery Lane, and there presented himself to his old acquaintance, and asked if he had any copying to give out. Law copying was very plentiful in those un-lithographic days, and the friend had some—yes, as much as David liked. David could not take more than he could do in six hours a day, he had no more time to spare. The experienced friend computed that sixty folios was a good allotment for that time, and entrusted him with an enormous abstract which would occupy him six hours for six days. As David left him, the good-natured tradesman privately reflected—

"Maxwell can't be doing much good for himself to want this kind of work, at his age, and with his capabilities. Surely he must be either shiftless or thriftless."

But David himself went back to Bow, rejoicing that he should be able to keep his own and Phoebe's immediate necessities supplied without himself becoming a troublesome creditor to his own needy firm. He must just work eighteen hours for a little while; it would not be for long, he thought, cheerily. He had an humble minded confidence in Fergus's talents, which was at least its own reward, since it gave him a bright belief in his sanguine prophecies. And be-

sides, David had a private hope of his own, which he never mentioned to Fergus, lest delay or possible failure in its consummation should give more pain than the prospect could give pleasure. This was something which had been David's chemical aim and ambition even before he had left the Blenheim House surgery; in fact, ever since Fergus had accidentally enlightened him as to the extravagant cost at which a certain very imperfect result in color was obtained. David felt quite certain that a much better effect was to be had at a much lower rate, and had been diligently experimenting for this purpose. Over and over again he seemed almost to have solved the problem, and over and over again something—a very small something it seemed to him—had baffled him. David's utter humility gave him courage and patience. He thought that "accident" had put him on the right track, and that if only other people had happened to get there, they would have smoothed away all difficulties and got straight to the end directly; but that his "stupidity" must be content to take double the time and trouble that any one else would require to use. "If one is rather dunder-headed, the least one can do is to try the more," was his only reflection. At the same time, he had the prudence to remember that it was impossible to keep temper and judgment for such work for more than twelve hours a day, and that the mind would be all the clearer if free from fears of debt and disgrace. His copying might tire him a little; but not so much as the wonder where next week's housekeeping was to come from.

Phoebe looked glum when he spread out his pen ink and paper.

"I should think you needn't be such a slave in that 'boratory, sir, it isn't worth enough without other work," she said.

"If you were in the laboratory all day, Phoebe," David answered, playfully, "you would be like me, very glad of a change of occupation. This washes my mind. Minds want washing as well as bodies, I can tell you, and if they don't get it, one's thoughts are as dim as writing on a smeared slate."

Phoebe grunted. "I can't be up to you, sir," she said; "but yet I know you are gammoning me somehow. If it ain't beneath the likes o' you to do this here, it ain't beneath the likes o' me to get a half day's washing or charring, an' I'm sure I've more time to spare. And besides, sir, you'll excuse me a-speaking; for I know I've no right, being your servant, anyways; but you'll not be able to go on without your natural rest."

"I'm always in bed for nearly six hours," said David, "and don't you know the old saying, 'Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool?'"

"Ah, well," Phoebe retorted, "there's no knowing how many hours he slept that said that; or if not, I'll go bail he lived to grow wiser. I don't hold with slug-a-beds. Down at ten and up at six has always been my way whenever I could; but down at twelve and up at six won't do for any folks that ain't

made o' bell-ropes and wash-leather; an' you ain't, Mr. David. You're not that strong. You've got a go in you, sir. You're like them animals that win races and drop dead at the end. You'll not be able to keep on at this rate."

"I don't wish it, Phoebe," said David, seriously. "I hope and believe everything will soon be quite different." And then he added in her own pithy style, "If you put your shoulder to the wheel when the cart is in a rut, the cart will carry you to your journey's end."

And so he had the last word.

But at last, one day, when things were looking very dark, so dark that Fergus Laurie sat glumly over his ledgers, and said that nothing prospered in this world but iniquity and money grubbing, David ventured to whisper that he thought they must really take heart and struggle on a little longer, for he fancied he was on the eve of a great discovery. But Fergus was altogether out of sorts. In fact, his private cash-book was actually claiming more money than his trade creditor column could supply. For of late his sensitive pride had been conscious that people were beginning to wonder how he was getting on, and he had even felt it like an insult when some of his friendlier customers had been particularly prompt in their payments. And he had tried to cast off the suspicion of struggle and poverty by directing Robina to be liberal in her housekeeping, and giving her leave to go again to the draper's, not with money in her hand, but to "open an account." There was still no considerate hesitancy on Robina's part. "He must know best about his own affairs," she decided within herself. "She had nothing to do but to obey. That was her place"—a dictum whose force she never felt when it had reference to her geniality or hospitality, or in fact to anything, except spending money on herself! This sense of private involvement superadded to outraged pride, acted on Fergus Laurie absolutely like a nervous disorder, when the patient will not attempt any ordinary method of cure, but will place faith in any preposterous quackery. It would have been really easier for him to imagine that relief might come to them wildly—from an unexpected legacy, or even the discovery of a treasure buried in the counting-house, than to hope for it in the success of David's persevering experiments.

"I think I shall have it to-night," David said, eagerly, "for I am sure I should have had it last night, but for a slip in the last combination."

"Ah, that's the way it'll always be," Fergus answered, bitterly. "It's the way it always has been since the old alchemists sought for gold."

"This will be as good as gold when we have it," said David, choosing to take up the words without their despairing meaning.

"Ah, if it was to be done, others would have done it long before," Fergus returned, shaking his head. "What do you say—get the effect twice as beautiful at one-third the cost? You need not think that it has not been often tried before by better chemists

than you, with far finer laboratories. It is a discovery which would be a fortune. But I don't suppose it is to be made, or it would have been made already. It is just a sheer waste of ingredients, David, and we need every penny that we have—and a great many more—to even keep up the merest show of going on."

"Well, I'm just going to try to-night. And to show you how sure I feel, I shall ask you to wait here an hour or two. I believe you will hear some good news the sooner. Will you grudge waiting?"

"I should, if I hadn't plenty of work to employ me. As it is, I may as well write my letters here as at home."

This was all the answer David got. Fergus's want of faith in his success would have shaken his courage had it not been founded in the deepest humility.

"It is no wonder that he can't expect me to do such a thing as this where others have failed. Well, it will save him from disappointment if I do fail after all. And if so, I must do a little more copying, and put aside something toward the chemicals I have wasted."

Such was the content and quiet spirit which David carried to his labor. But there was something to be done before he set to work. Perhaps it was this something which the other experimenters had omitted.

He knelt down and prayed. "O Father, I am all ignorance, but Thou art knowledge. Teach me, Father; I am seeking my daily bread, and if this is the way wherein I am to find it, help me. For Christ's sake. Amen."

He rose up. His spirit had been to God, and had spoken to Him. Do those who say that prayer is nothing, say also that it is nothing to speak even with a wise and good man? Many a man goes to bed, and his boon of pence is denied him if it be not good for him; but such counsel and encouragement is given him, that he goes out strong to earn for himself, and perhaps comes back to thank his benefactor, saying, "When you refused the paltry gift, you made my fortune; for you gave me a share of your free spirit instead." Oh, while friend speaks with friend, while ignorance takes counsel of wisdom, and sorrow of sympathy, let no man say that it is no good to speak with God! If the Lord Himself cannot hear and respond, it were best for us all to walk silent through a heartless universe.

An hour passed. Fergus sat scribbling his letters, absolutely forgetful why he was waiting there. Another hour passed; and then a quick step rattled half way down the laboratory stairs, and David's voice cried eagerly: "It is done, Fergus. We have succeeded!"

In less than a minute the two young men stood together bending over the perfected discovery, comparing the soft, lovely new tint with the old, dim, thickish hue which had hitherto been the nearest approach to it.

"What a difference!" said Fergus; "and do you mean to say this will also be cheaper?"

"For every shilling which that old horror cost, this loveliness will cost but fourpence," David answered, triumphantly. "God has given us a fortune in this secret, Fergus."

Half an hour later the two were pacing down the dark road, arm-in-arm, speaking in whispers like those of men who have a mutual knowledge of a hidden treasure.

"Plenty of work for Miss Harvey now!" said David, as they came in sight of the lamp-lit window of the Harvey's cottage. "This new discovery will come before the world first in her designs. Eh, how lovely it would have made some of those that have been carried out on the old principle!"

"Millicent Harvey has fancied we have not been very successful lately, I think," Fergus observed. "I believe her family mistrust us."

"Well, it is only likely they should be anxious," said David; "for, you see, we withdrew her from regular work for your old firm—got her to leave a certainty for a hope!"

"A fine certainty, truly!" Fergus answered. "They will see now that it was well worth her while."

"I know the old firm did not appreciate her," David went on, "or they would not have restricted her to the most ordinary class of designs, as you say they did. Didn't I always say so? But what did Mr. Smith think when he found she was capable of those illustrations to the Leech Gatherer?"

"He never knew she did them," said Fergus. "He offered only five guineas in the first instance, and I afterward got it raised to ten. But I should never have done that if I had not kept the artist a mystery. Why, most likely, if old Smith had known she was somebody who was drawing more than a hundred a year from the firm, he would have thought she ought to let him have those pictures for nothing, or next to it, as a kind of bonus."

"When will Miss Harvey have occasion to come over to our place again?" David asked.

"Not for a week," said Fergus.

"Then might it not be kind, considering all circumstances, if we just dropped her a hint that we have had a great success, something far better than a gift of a thousand pounds?" asked David.

"Well—yes," said Fergus. "It seems only right. And it might be wise in many ways. But it is rather awkward for us two fellows to go rushing in there at this hour. I dare say they are at supper."

"You can go—not stay a minute—and I'll wait for you," said David, releasing Fergus's arm.

Fergus did truly stay only a moment. For Milly herself opened the door, and he just spoke to her there, under the clematis.

"Miss Harvey, I just called to tell you that we have made a great hit. We are certain to prosper now. Nobody knows yet but you. You have a right to know. I shall never forget your confidence; and, now, good-night, Miss Millicent."

And Millicent turned back into the house and sang this thanksgiving in her heart:

"God, I thank Thee that Thou dost reward the diligent and the energetic; that Thou puttest the power to bless into hands that will bless. Prosper my friend still, let him find that the cup of success Thou givest him is not only full, but runneth over. And, oh, I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou makes this strong, silent heart of his, which cannot confide everywhere, to find pleasure in confiding in me. Make me worthy of it, O God."

Ah, well is it for us that God is a loving Father, who takes our very prayers and thankgivings rather for what we mean them to be than for what they are, just as parents smile on the trailing weeds that their ignorant little ones bring them for flowers!

Then Fergus rejoined David, and the two young men went on together to the cross-roads, where they parted.

"Our fortune's made," Fergus Laurie announced to his mother and Robina. "We've hit on a discovery that I would not sell for five thousand pounds. You see what a good thing it is to have the faculty of selecting fit instruments. I chose David, and told him what it would be a fine thing to discover, and he has discovered it."

"Couldn't you discover it yourself, without bringing any one else in it?" asked Mrs. Laurie, who wanted her share to be exactly all, and everybody else's nothing."

"It was not in my line," said Fergus, curtly.

"But David could never have discovered it, if you had not told him of the want, Fergus," said Robina, "could he, now?"

"No," Fergus replied, more conciliantly. "And now we must think what it will be right to do, under circumstances that are altering as ours are. We must take a larger house, and live in altogether different style. We shall have to keep two female servants, at least."

"I hope you'll mind what you are doing, Fergus," said his mother. "You might just make us comfortable in a small way, and let me always have a fire in my bedroom."

"Oh, he knows what he is about," observed Robina. "And other people know he does, too. Those Harveys would have had nothing to do with him, unless they were sure he would prosper."

"There isn't a truer-hearted woman in the world than Millicent Harvey," said Fergus, speaking stoutly from the depth of his better nature.

"When did you see her last?" asked his sister, harpily.

"F—I just called in at their house to-night," answered poor Fergus.

"Oh, yes, I see it all," said Robina, "I may have all the work of getting up your fine house, and then be turned out to make room for certain other people."

"Well, at any rate, you will have had a better living in the meantime than you could have got for yourself," replied Fergus, coolly.

"Oh, yes, I know that it is only by toleration that an inferior creature like me is allowed to occupy a



place in the same world with Miss Millicent," sneered Robina.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said her brother, thinking to himself that he must keep up his dignity, and yet conciliate her at the same time. It would be so awkward to quarrel just now. "I answer you according to your folly, but you are talking what you do not understand. What reason have you to think that Millicent Harvey or any other woman has any influence on me? As for your working in my interests, and then being turned off,—you are my sister, and you can surely trust my honor to give you provision befitting my position, and the duties you may fulfil toward me."

"I am sure I love you too well to be bitter about anything that would be good for you, Fergus," said Robina, with melting reproach.

"As soon as my income is at all settled," Fergus went on, "I will fix you a handsome salary as my housekeeper, and another sum for household expenses, and then if ever we want to part it would be with perfect satisfaction, and no sense of injury on either side."

"I'd rather trust you entirely, brother," said Robina. "I would rather just ask you for whatever was needed for the house, and just let you give me what you choose for myself. I can't bear anything to make us seem independent strangers, Fergus."

"Well, so be it then," said he, "I own I like living and working together in perfect confidence rather than on strict business footings."

And so their squabble ended, and Fergus went to bed, and pondered over the prices of drawing-room suites, while Robina and Mrs. Laurie lay awake half the night, discussing dresses, the old lady saying that she did not wish to go into any extravagance, but she thought she might have a new satin dress, and could not make up her mind whether its color should be sage-green or maroon, while Robina stated that she should not care for much better dresses than she had already, only she should like them always fresh, and at least as much spent on their making and trimming as on their material.

When David reached home, he found that the unconscious Phoebe had set up his candles as usual, and arranged his writing-table. He felt weary and excited, and little inclined for his self-imposed task of copying, but he put the disinclination aside with the reflection.

"What I've done so long already, I can surely do a little longer. Besides, I should like to finish the work I have undertaken. And there are plenty of claims coming in upon us, and nobody is the worse off for a little ready money! If I don't need it myself, I can give it away."

It was long past midnight ere he permitted himself to lay down his pen; and then in his evening prayer rose the meek thanksgiving:

"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that some things which Thou hidest from the wise and prudent Thou revealest unto babes, choosing the foolish things of the world to confound the

wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, that no flesh should glory in Thy presence. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

## CHAPTER XI.

### TWO HOMES AND ONE HERO.

IT was presently clear to everybody that a great change had come to the young firm of "Laurie & Co." Samples of the beautiful new tint, fully displayed in one of Milly Harvey's most tasteful designs, were circulated among the trade, and orders came streaming in—only too fast to be executed. A neighboring firm, old established and wealthy, actually made advances which might have easily been converted into overtures of partnership; and David was inclined to listen, and to think it would be wise to accept. But Fergus Laurie would not hear of it, declaring that they could now get the use of plenty of money on terms that would not hamper their freedom of action. And Fergus seemed right; for he was certainly able to obtain large loans on comparatively small interest.

David was quite ready to understand that as far as the perfect adjustment of money matters was concerned, sudden success had been almost as perilous as failure. Fergus was the head of the firm, with all its privileges and responsibilities. Definite adjustment of finances was found to be simply impossible. And so, in the meantime, it was merely arranged that Fergus was to take what was required for all the varying expenses necessarily falling on the head of the firm, while David was to be guaranteed a minimum allowance, with such additions as the profits of each year would permit.

David had no difficulty in settling into a proper style of life, because that seemed to him the proper one, which gave him and those connected with him the most genuine comfort with the least toil and expense, and was so safe within even his moderate minimum, that every addition would be left a wide, free margin for those true luxuries of life—the pleasures and duties not absolutely demanded by our circumstances.

He took a tiny house within a few paces of George Harvey's abode. Its miniature chambers were easily furnished by the cumbrous old articles which he had rescued from the sale at Blenheim House. Even Christian's large organ of veneration could scarcely understand how he held the wrecks of his so wretched past as precious salvage. Christian was his great stronghold in the days of his furnishing. David would come to her for advice, and then she and George would return with him to his cottage, and consult and plan "on the spot." She chose his parlor carpet and his bed-room curtains; she took counsel with Phoebe as to the best "range" to be put up in the kitchen; she knew of wonderful dainty ways which made beauty economical, and economy beautiful. Hatty Webber bade her send the sheeting and house linen round to her house, saying, that the

Webbers' own "white sewing" was done up for years to come, and that the little stepdaughter Ellen needed something to learn needlework upon.

The two sisters-in-law had one day been making some helpful call upon the busy, important Phoebe, and while they were there David happened to come in, and took them out to the little back grass-plot, to consider whether there should be a tiny flower-bed in the centre, or only along the sides. David himself inclined to the former, and so did Christian and Hatty, too, "only" the latter remarked "there was something in Millicent's idea, that it was a pity to have flowers where one could not gather them after a shower without crossing wet grass."

"Ah, so it is," said David; "we won't have one. And as for brightening my window view, I can easily put a flower-box on my sill instead."

Christian withheld her eyes from a glance, and so forgot to repress a sigh.

Phoebe watched the three from her kitchen window, and when the two visitors had gone, she herself went out to take "a look round."

David came back from the gate with a beaming face.

"They are the sort of friends to have, Phoebe," he said. "How different it makes things!"

"You're right there, Mr. David," the old servant replied, "only I could not help being a bit vexed that they're but outside the place after all. I'd have liked it well if it was the young lady that'll be missis someday that was givin' an eye and a word about her home that is to be."

David's bright face grew a little grave—not sad. "You are the most of mistress that this house is likely to have, Phoebe," he said.

"Ay, I suppose you'll be always movin' from one house to another, each finer than the last, Mr. David."

"I don't think that's my way, Phoebe," said David; and then he turned, and walked into the parlor.

Everybody supposed that Fergus Laurie would also select another dwelling in the same lane. There were vacant some much larger houses than either George Harvey's or David Maxwell's old-fashioned, Georgian houses, with a sort of ready-made order in their prim internal arrangements, and with one room, at least, quite fit for the reception of a limited number of guests. People who supposed that Fergus Laurie's original "nothing" meant, at least, only "not much," and whose imagination set Mrs. Laurie's pension at more than double what it really was, concluded that the Lauries, being ambitious people, might possibly venture to take one of these residences, not as a family luxury, but as a business propriety.

Judge of the universal astonishment when it oozed out that Fergus had taken the lease of a substantial old family mansion standing in its own grounds, the wall of which came up to the vicarage-palings!

"I don't suppose it is true," said Mrs. Webber,

as she reported the rumor during a visit to her mother.

"Yes it is," Millicent observed, raising her head from her drawing, with a slight flush on her face. "At least, he told me he thought of taking that house."

She did not look up as she spoke, or she would have seen that her sister and Miss Brook involuntarily glanced at each other.

"Well, great fortunes are raised by such hits as he has made," said Hatty, "but that house will be a great responsibility."

"He'd better walk before the flies," remarked Miss Brook. "That house will take a fortune to furnish."

"He won't furnish completely at once," said Millicent. "But there is so much more satisfaction in having a home where one can hope to settle permanently than one from which one is sure to wish to remove."

"He'd need to keep twenty fires burning in that great mansion, or else he'll have a doctor's bill as part of his regular family expenses," Miss Brook went on practically.

"One's house is the thing that most directly gives one status, and all the expenses belonging to a good house are small compared with any other kind of expense," Milly pleaded. "Look at the Lewsons with their carriages and horses; and look at the Benhams with their shooting-box. And Fergus Laurie is really in as good a position as they are."

"Only that the one family is in the second and the other in the third generation of successful business people," observed Mrs. Harvey. "I remember old Mr. Lewson myself, and his hair was white before he thought of leaving the little house by the warehouse, where the managers live now. And he himself never kept more of an establishment than two female servants, a middle-aged woman and a girl. That is the way the wealth accumulated through which his descendants enjoy their luxuries."

"Well, I think he would have done wiser to spend it himself in a more liberal way of life," Milly argued. "If the present Lewsons were not able to drive everything before them by their sheer force of £ s. d., maybe they would be more sensible women and more gentlemanly men. When a sensible man gets money in his hands, he had better spend it wisely and rightly than let it accumulate for he knows not who."

"You're right so far, Milly," her mother answered. "A wise liberality would keep down many an unwieldy fortune, and do in a natural way what charities do in an unnatural one."

Miss Brook grunted. "It's very well to say 'Don't hoard money' when you have it in your hands, but you might safely add, 'Don't spend it before it is there,'" she said.

"I am sure that Fergus Laurie wishes for position and influence only to do good," said Milly, disregarding the old lady. "And we, who owe so much to him, should be the last to criticize him unfavor-

ably. See how much more he gives for my work than the old firm did."

"But then your work is so much better than it used to be," Hatty interpolated.

"And he gives me better than money, too," Milly went on, enthusiastically. "The interest he takes in my work always quite inspirits me. It is so different to being left to plod on without a word, as I used to be. If you knew how he has made my daily work a daily pleasure, I think those who love me would only wish him God speed and all prosperity, instead of carping at him."

"I am sure we all wish him well most sincerely, Millicent," said her mother, soothingly. "You see, Miss Brook and I are elderly women, and, perhaps, don't know it quite well enough, and are a little dumfounded to see such young people coming forward and taking the lead in life. I'm sure, when I'm reading George's books, I often keep thinking they are written by some of the wise old professors and poets, whose works I used to read in my young days. It is hard to realize they are by my own boy, whom I taught to read. But those old writers were other people's boys, in their time. If my dear mother could come back to earth, I believe she would think I was a great deal too young to be wearing caps, and I don't believe she would have any particular confidence in my housekeeping! It's the way with old people, Milly. They don't feel old in themselves, dear; and that makes them think that everybody younger must be babies. I am sure I wish Mr. Laurie well, and so do we all."

Milly allowed herself to be pacified. She felt her friends' doubts very keenly, for this ample reason, that they had sprung up in her own mind, the moment Fergus had confided his intention, and though his arguments had cut them clear down, their roots remained, and gave an uneasy shooting in her mind, which she did not understand herself.

The great house was taken, and a few of its many rooms made habitable. The Lauries brought no old furniture with them. Even Mrs. Laurie's own bed-chamber was all spick and span new. The moment the old lady saw her mahogany wardrobe and marble-topped washstand, she parted without a sigh from her spindle-legged chairs and shaky tables, and from all the past associated with them. Of the three Lauries, it was actually Fergus himself who found it hardest to make himself quite at home in apartments, whose fashion and freshness made them look like an upholsterer's show-room. He would really have liked to keep some of the old things. But his mother and sister declared positively that the old parlor-chairs would never do for rooms that were to be dining and drawing-rooms, and that they would be out of harmony with the necessary new bed-room replenishing. So they went. The same plea availed to sacrifice everything. There was an old cradle in which had slept, in life and death, a little baby boy Laurie, for whom Fergus had felt the strange passionate tenderness which wilful reserved children often pour out on helpless infants. Even in his self-

contained intellectual manhood, Fergus would pause to smile upon and pat a child who had a look of little Jamie. It was a peculiarity of his nature that it would have been torture to him to acknowledge this clinging remembrance. The nearest words he could find, was to say coldly to his mother, pointing to the cot, "I suppose you would like to keep that?"

"What use is it?" she asked. "If you ever have children, you'll want to give them a better bed than that."

"It won't fetch anything. People would almost want you to pay them for taking it away, mother," said Fergus.

"Well, then, let it be chopped up for firewood. Anything better than lumber standing about useless and gathering dirt."

And so the first fire round which the Lauries sat in their new home at Acre Hall was built of the old cradle!

They were a family who never possessed many of those relics on which Fergus could secretly lay hold and stow away. What he could he did. They had an old framed print, and a black profile of somebody. These he thrust into his own portmanteau and carried off himself; the first he put up over his bed-room mantel; the second he hid in his private drawers, under his gloves and handkerchiefs. They had very few books, except what Fergus had bought himself, and these few were nothing very attractive, being controversial theology, old dictionaries, and antiquated ready-reckoners. But those also he conveyed to his own room, and arranged on a bracket that he caused to be put up there.

This room of his was the smallest and barest in the house. It did not even command the lawn with its two or three fine old trees, but looked out on a strip of yard, bounded so narrowly that one standing at the window could almost touch the wall. When Fergus showed David through his new abode, this was the last room to which he led him. And when David saw the coarse drugget, the cane-chairs, and the poor, blue-checked bed, he reproached himself bitterly for sundry fears as to his friend's luxurious and extravagant tastes, which had been rising during the earlier part of his survey.

"You see what my own tastes are," Fergus remarked, as if reading David's thoughts. "I do not care for anything more than this. If I were an independent man, this is how I should live. All the rest is forced upon me by my position. It is nothing more than my stock in trade—one of the weapons with which I must carry on our warfare."

"Well, prosperity is certainly a trial as well as adversity," David answered. "It seems really hard if one must thus invest one's first success, when one would rather use it in providing solidly for the future."

"It is," said Fergus. "My peculiar post in the firm, as its ostensible head, compels me, for the benefit of everybody, to take the lion's share of the profits this year; yet, I dare say, by Christmas your own balance at the bank will be larger than my private one."

David did not for an instant dream that, though Fergus told the truth when he said he had bought his lease, he did not tell the whole truth, namely, that he had paid for it with money raised by a mortgage upon it. David only knew that there was a great deal of business come into their firm. His place was in the laboratory, not the counting-house, and he knew too little of the practical part of the trade to be able to make any approximate estimate of the actual profit. In fact, David had not received a commercial education, and his simple faith in others exceeded his shrewdness. The accident which had put him in business connection with Fergus Laurie had so brightened and settled his life, that he never thought of stopping to gauge his exact rights. He often wondered what would have become of him if Fergus had not taken him into the firm, but he never thought what might have become of the firm, if he had not made his discovery!

There was also a sunny glamour bewitching his simplicity. He had not the least doubt that Acre Hall would one day be Millicent Harvey's home. Poor fellow, the only love-dream that his new prosperity brought him was, that he might very likely make more money than would pay his self-imposed debt to his cousins, and provide for Phoebe, and then he would leave it as a legacy to the children of Fergus and Milly, perhaps to some bright-eyed Milly, the picture of her mother, who, maybe, out of old family friendship, would adopt him as "Uncle David." There are many such shadowy relationships in the airy castles of loving, lonely hearts like David Maxwell's. But such a dream of the future was certainly not calculated to make him very exact in his present monetary transactions with Fergus.

Millicent Harvey had set up a certain figure in her own ideal temple of supreme energy, patience and self-sacrifice. It was a sufficiently grand and pure temple, the pity was that like the great heathen temples of antiquity and orientalism, the wrong name was on the altar! Perhaps, by some instinct similar to Christian's about love affairs, Millicent was aware of the neighborhood of a hero, and only made a mistake by looking for him in the library of Acre Lodge, rather than in the tiny parlor of David's cottage! Half the mistakes in life come in just at that point.

"Oh, giving the heart's love is often a 'crooked place,' and so is 'getting on in life.' And though God has promised that 'He will go before us, and make our crooked places straight,' He has not promised that we shall lose nothing in our stumble, nor that his guidance will avail if we do not follow.

"Milly has my mother's face," said Mrs. Harvey to Miss Brook one day; "but she is like her father, too. She has her will and keeps to it."

"Aye, she has so," responded Miss Brook. "May God bend her himself; for He upholds with one hand while He strikes with the other. If anything else breaks those strong wills, it breaks the soul's back with it."

The mother sighed.

## CHAPTER XII.

### RISE AND FALLING.

AND then time passed by, and months grew into years. More than one of the Harveys secretly wondered when Fergus Laurie meant to take Millicent out of her own family, and make her the mistress of Acre Hall. They had reason for their wonder. For there was many a merry-making at the Hall, and never one to which she was not invited. She was at the dinner-party of the city magnates; she was at the lawn tea, when the subalterns of the establishment were entertained together; she and Fergus appeared on that pleasant, friendly footing which does not fear to discuss differences, or to barter witticisms. Apart, Fergus delighted to stand by her utterances on subjects which she might be fairly supposed to know better than he, and made it his highest praise of others to trace a likeness in them to "Miss Millicent."

"Laurie & Co.," had certainly made their way in the world. Their name stood among the highest of their trade. And in social style and expenditure, Fergus, with his sudden ascent from "nothing," managed to hold his own with the best. People shook their heads at first, and thought "he was pulling the reins too hard," but as the reins did not seem to break, most of the heads left off shaking, and their owners concluded that the aspiring young merchant was right after all, and was justified by his success. And then he was naturally expected to head every subscription list, and to organize every local movement or gayety, and to exercise every species of hospitality. The man who goes into the way of temptation need not be surprised to find temptation there!

Fergus presently began to realize that he was standing on a mine. He had not over-estimated his success, but he had under-estimated its cost. The early profits, which should have been husbanded to meet the further demands for capital, were swallowed to satisfy his private creditors. Nor were the latter profits so much larger as had been expected, because, in spite of the immense increase of business, the firm still continued too short of cash to buy in the cheapest markets, or to work in the thriftiest way.

Then, one fatal day, Fergus found that he was the possessor of a fortune as bewitching and beguiling as a pot of fairy gold. It was credit.

He felt quite happy on the first evening after he had satisfied a creditor by a "bill." He found Milly taking tea with Robina at Acre Hall. And afterward, when they chanced to be alone together for a few minutes before the candles were lit, and the soft early moonlight came stealing down through the elm-tree, and Milly said gently, "How lovely!" he was very near saying to her, that all beauty, and all success, would be nothing to him without her. He had been much harassed of late, and she looked so kind and good and sensible that he thought it would be a comfort to tell her about it, and what a rest it was to be out of it for awhile. Only he somehow felt that Milly would be sure to say, however sym-



pathizingly, that it was a pity he had taken so much expense upon himself, and would it not be better to retrench. And he felt he could not do that, and therefore he must not tell Milly of his troubles. He must keep that to himself, even if he told her that he loved her. He would like to share his sorrows, but not with any one who would be so prompt to remove them by unpleasant ways. Besides, it would be kinder to Milly not to tell her. Why should one's "wife" (Fergus's heart leaped as he thought the word) be tormented with one's business anxieties?

And while he sat in silent cogitation Robina returned with a servant and the candles, and began talking about a poor tradesman in the neighborhood, whose wife had given a large order at the draper's the day before he committed suicide through severe pecuniary distress.

"What a shock it must have given her!" Robina remarked. "People are beginning to blame her; but it is not likely that she knew anything about her husband's affairs. Sensible men do not talk to women about business."

"And show their sense by such a dreadful result as this!" exclaimed Milly. "I cannot understand a husband and wife standing on such a footing toward each other! If it is not the wife's fault, if she had been always attentive and sympathetic and obedient, I can scarcely see how she can forgive the sin her husband has committed against her."

"But it would often trouble a wife unnecessarily," Robina observed. "There are so many business bothers which eventually settle down without affecting private life in the least."

"I should like to be in all my husband's 'bothers,'" said Milly. "I almost think if he didn't tell me, I should still be able to find them out. Oh, how dreadful it would be to be a wife, quite unconscious of things that many other people must know; quite innocently thinking she has a right to money to which they know she has none! Better and happier to live on bread and water, and wear one's old clothes year after year."

"Everybody's not such a Spartan as you," Robina said, and so ended a conversation, not without its result, as nothing is in this world. For Fergus felt thankful that he had not "poken" as yet, and resolved that he would not do it, until he was fairly clear of business difficulties, saying to himself that Milly was a noble woman, but rash and unbusinesslike, and apt to cut down where trimming would do. So that he must be content to wait for her, till he had settled his foundations too strongly to be overthrown by any of her brave, self-sacrificing impulses.

Poor Fergus! May we not pity him as we would a man who tried to build a pyramid from its apex? Is not a moral twist as deplorable as a mental aberration?

And time passed by, and bills were met by bills, and though a few city men smiled cynically at the name of Laurie & Co., still local society, and society at large, found it quite easy to believe that Fergus Laurie's success had grown into wealth.

VOL. XLII.—33.

He had not repaid a loan of a few hundreds which Mr. Webber had advanced to him in the early days of the firm. Why need he? He gave good interest. He always spoke as if he gave such a very good interest that it must be really a help to such a man as Mr. Webber, in comparatively so small a way of business. Nobody ever thought of asking what security Mr. Webber had, or if any. In fact, Mr. Webber would never have made so rash a loan to anybody but a struggling young man who he thought had talents and wanted help. And Mr. Webber would have asked for the return of his money, but for one of those influences, which have more weight with all of us than we know. Hatty had been rather vexed at his lending it, had prophesied hard things, and, cruellest of all, had finally comforted herself by the thought that its loss would not absolutely ruin them. Her husband had been glad when, with this conclusion, she let the matter drop, and he felt reluctant to bring it forward again. Whenever he thought of asking for it, he always fancied it might be a particularly inconvenient time, and as long as the interest came in regularly, surely Hatty must be convinced it was quite safe! These were poor arguments, and this was a weak course of action; but if you or I, dear reader, cannot recall similar conduct of our own, it is probably only because we do not "know ourselves."

Bills! bills! There was plenty of success still. Fergus was working in a system which made success more disastrous than failure is to other men, but he still looked for new successes, to retrieve the irretrievable.

There was one who often looked very grave in those years. That was David Maxwell. David had once imagined that he was to be some sort of partner but it was without any soreness that he discovered he was to be but a paid official. He turned his mistake into a blessing.

"A regular salary is the best income for anybody who is not very businesslike," he decided. "And though mine is too narrow to save much, I shall always be able to save all my bonuses."

For he always kept in mind those five unknown girls in Yarmouth, none of whom either died or married!

David still knew little or nothing of the finances of Laurie & Co. But he felt something was wrong. Year after year his bonuses were either infinitesimal or nothing. Year after year Fergus's private "necessary expenditure" increased. David would not have heeded the fact if he could have discovered a justifiable reason for it.

But it was a something changed in Fergus himself which pained his old friend so sadly. David began to question what had been his former thoughts about his friend's spiritual state. He concluded that he would never have declared that Fergus was a decided Christian, but that he had seemed one of those "not far from the kingdom of Heaven." Now, a looser tone was creeping in. The Lauries were growing very slack in their church attendance, and Fergus

was falling into that tone of thought which decides that because the "form" is not the "spirit," therefore the spirit is never in the form! Quite unaccountably to David, he had made some very unaccountable friends—worldly, light-living men, "who feared not God, neither regarded man," and though Fergus did not run immediately to their excess of riot, he tolerated and excused it in a way which made a strange discord with those former days, when he sat regularly in the old pew, and attended Mr. Devon's Bible-class, and talked over the sermon with David in their twilight walks.

Perhaps this declension was not spiritually so great as it appeared to David. When Fergus had been a poor clerk, living in a needy household, an outward form of religion had been a social distinction, indeed in one way, almost the only one then at his command. Apparently devout and regular habits had won him the confidence of his old masters, the friendship of the Harveys, the notice of the vicarage. Alas, alas, godliness is so profitable even for this world, that its mere simulation is worth something!

Do not let it be understood that Fergus had been a voluntary and cold-blooded hypocrite in those former days. No. He had only been self-willed and ambitious, ready without question to take the nearest path to a desired end. When he had been in a class of life to which only religion can bring much refinement of mind and habit, he had been attracted to religion. When he could get something of these without it, its charms were gone. He could visit plenty of well-appointed houses now, and talk to plenty of intellectual people, and so he could afford to drop the vicarage, and did so, with a graceless pointedness, which had its true origin in a little pang of remorse.

For he satisfied himself that he was "obliged" to do it. The vicar had looked very gravely upon some of the visitors he had met at Acre Hall, and the vicar had afterward preached a sermon, which Fergus took—rightly or wrongly—as preached at himself. These visitors were the very men who awakened the doubts even of the charitable David Maxwell. Now, they were holding "bills" of Fergus's, and were being very "accommodating," and he said to himself that he "must not" offend them. The vicar ought to stick to him in spite of his backslidings, and if he did not, then so much the worse for the vicar's care of souls! He quite forgot that he would not allow the vicar to keep to him, unless he also kept a smiling silence which would have made him partaker in his sins.

Fergus Laurie developed "tastes," and so did Robina. Acre Hall was soon not only handsomely, but singularly furnished, so that everybody remarked it and remembered it. Robina's dress was a model for a duchess. To be sure she talked too much about it, especially about its quality and its style. She could never wear any but the best of everything—the best was the most economical.

"Yes, that is quite true," Hatty Webber said one

day, rather bluntly. "Only some people cannot afford it, and some people do not make their first-class things look or wear so well as other people's poorer ones."

Millicent always preferred to keep Robina and Hatty apart. It did not require much *finesse* to do so. Milly herself did not always like Robina. She could be very kind sometimes, and Milly's own liking gave her a kindly tolerance for Robina's fatuous and radically selfish adulation of her brother. But Robina, with all her aversion to women's taking interest in business, could make very uncomfortable remarks about Milly's designs, and often vaguely suggested that, of course, she would always like to stand her friend, and take her part with her brother, who was naturally much dazzled by the many designs now pressed upon him by artists of acknowledged standing. Milly could not help chafing a little at the certainty which Robina felt that her brother had benefited the whole world—except perhaps Robina's self—but had never received a single benefit from anybody. Besides, Robina's small selfishness came out stronger and stronger. She fancied herself sickly, and with the lack of self-restraint indicative of poor breeding, turned her guests into amateur nurses, and carried her own valetudinarian whimsies athwart all others' comfort. Robina was always too ill to make engagements to visit any but grand, gay people. And it was she, with her nerves, and her "mucous membrane," who first broke off regular church attendance. How Milly noticed this, and laid it to all Fergus's after shortcomings in this particular!

Out of all the Harveys it was only Milly who ever went and came familiarly in Acre Hall. Hatty Webber and Miss Brook were never there at all. Mrs. Harvey called once or twice, and George and Christian went when they were formally invited. Fergus spoke very freely to Millicent about David Maxwell's family misfortunes, with tolerably broad suggestions of the shield and shelter that David had found in his friendship. But in all David's friendship with George and Christian, he was never so candid about other folks' business, or about his own where it mixed with other folks'. They never knew of the little capital he had brought to Fergus, and though they could not help knowing that his had been, as it were, the hand that made the prosperous discovery, even they did not know how little any other head had been concerned therein.

When Milly returned from her visits to Acre Hall, she never said much about its splendid furnishing or entertainment. One does not speak about things which one wishes to veil, even from one's own soul. She found plenty of excuses for the dozens of wine in the cellar, and the Turkey carpets, and the reckless expenditure on fly-hire; still she tried to forget them, to put them far into the background. What she did tell was of Fergus's liberal payments, and of his active interest in his work-people—the little *fêtes* he gave them, and the way in which he sent them to the seaside or elsewhere when they

were sick. She liked to tell with what deference he treated his aged porter, and how kindly he took the old man's blunt speeches, submitting his own position to the authority of years and honesty. She called that true humility, and waved it above the stern hauteur of Fergus's general character, like a lady's glove over a fierce knight's casque.

"There's many can submit to their inferiors that won't to their superiors," was Miss Brook's grim comment. "He'd have turned round on Mr. Devon if he had spoken out to him. It's a kind of humility that pride is made of. It's like some women who obey their children instead of their husbands."

Once, Richard Webber accompanied his step-aunt Millicent on a call at Acre Hall. He came home to tea with her at Mrs. Harvey's and was overflowing with accounts of the luxurious grandeur of the place—the great mirrors, the stained glass, the rare flowers, the singular and individual taste that governed it all.

"Laurie's mark is figuratively on everything," he said. "Yes, and rather literally, too, for he has the most curious antique modelled dining-room chairs, with his own initials F. O. L. stamped in gold on each of their backs."

"That'll spoil their price when they are to be sold again," snarled Miss Brook. "He ought to have thought of that, seeing he's had experience of the sale of all his mother's furniture. Seems to me it's a pity that he hasn't another O in his monogram!"

"But, do you know he really has?" said young Webber. "I've never noticed before what it made the monogram, but I've heard Aunt Milly say that he was christened 'Ossian' after 'Fergus Ogilvie,' only he thought it bombastic in sound, and that it made an absurd number of initials."

"Ah, it's like him to cut and trim everything to bring it to his own will," Miss Brook answered. "Can't even let his godfathers and godmothers have their own way. No reverence for anybody's notions but his own. If my parents had called me Karenhappuch Mesopotamia, I'd have stuck to it."

"I do not think Mr. Laurie likes newness and change in his very heart," said Milly, who had just returned from taking off her walking gear. "The other day he found Robina and I sitting together in a room with all the blinds down, and he asked if we preferred darkness, and Robina said, 'No, but it was to keep the carpet from fading in the sunshine.' And he went and pulled up all the blinds, and said he should be glad to see the honest signs of time and use, instead of the unmeaning freshness of a furniture warehouse."

The incident was scarcely in logical sequence with the conversation in which Milly interjected it. But it was full of meaning to her. It was such touches as these which kept her womanly interest and pity fresh and green in all the glare and heat of Fergus's apparently triumphant prosperity. It revealed to her a nature which these did not satisfy, which sat at its feast of fat things, longing for some homely "water and pulse" that was not on the board.

It remains an open question whether Milly would

have married Fergus, had he asked her in those days. She certainly would not have married any one else. All of her heart which was open to her own knowledge was filled by him. But Milly was one of those old-fashioned women who keep some chambers of the heart which another hand must open before they themselves will enter.

Had he asked her to be his wife—had he even broadly shown her that he had hopes beyond those of a near and dear friend, very likely Milly would have paused and owned to herself that even some of the fairest points in his character might be but treacherous peat mosses, unfit to bear the heavy tread of daily life and companionship.

It was not a happy state to be in. The wall between love and friendship is not a fit standpoint for any one. On either side are happiness and content, but betwixt, neither.

David Maxwell could not understand what it meant. Fergus and Milly were still friends. Milly's praise was still on Fergus's lips. Milly still confided in Fergus. How was it that so much did not grow into a little more?

Once upon a time, David might have ventured to suggest his thoughts to Fergus. But not now. As those wild, reckless, ungodly men had grown into familiarity, David had grown out.

And David almost asked himself, "Would it do Fergus good to marry Milly? Or would it do Milly harm to marry Fergus?"

And he thanked God that it was not in his hands, but thought that Milly was too good for anything to harm her.

Only he saw she was growing to look older than her years, and was generally grave and often weary.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS RELIC.—A child, while playing near Drogheda, Ireland, found a curious piece of metal, which she gave to an old woman, who took it to a dealer in old iron and got a shilling for it. The dealer in his turn sold it for two pounds ten shillings, and it has finally been purchased for the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin for three hundred pounds. It proved to be the celebrated "Tara brooch," one of the most remarkable pieces of goldsmith's work known to exist. It is formed of white bronze—this probably saved it from the melting-pot, to which countless treasures of gold and silver have been consigned—the surface overlaid with gold filigree-work of surprising intricacy and marvellous delicacy of execution. Such is its excellence that one of the most accomplished living goldsmiths declared that he could not find a workman, with every apparent advantage of modern knowledge and appliance, competent to make such another.

REPUTATION, honor and preferment are gained, retained and maintained by humility, discretion and sincerity, with which, till a man be accommodated and accomplished, he is not esteemed as a worthy member in a commonwealth.

## THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

## EFFECT OF LIQUOR-DRINKING, AND "VESTED RIGHT" OF LIQUOR-SELLERS.

THE last number of the *Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences*, published in this city, contains an excellent article from a French physician, "On the Dangers to which the Abuse of Alcoholic Drink may give rise." The writer, Dr. Jules Bergeron, goes over the whole ground in an able and exhaustive manner. He makes twenty-six different points, some of which are subdivided. It is not necessary to go over the whole of his arguments, but I will try to give the substance of them briefly.

He makes the statement that, even admitting that the use of alcoholic drinks may have a certain utility, still, "however moderate it may be, it is not without danger, for it is not necessary to arrive at the abuse of fermented drinks in order to find that under the influence of the alcohol which all contain, the brain undergoes a certain degree of excitation, which gives to the mind more vivacity and a disposition to regard things on their best side. It is not surprising that an individual, when once he has felt this sensation, should seek to renew it. But here is precisely the peril; for, this slight cerebral excitation, however harmless it may be in itself, is, after all, but the first degree of drunkenness, and when this has been exceeded, the individual, carried along an insensible declivity, passes speedily from occasional excess to habits of drunkenness, to fall rapidly into all the physical and moral miseries which are engendered by habitual indulgence, and there he is lost."

The writer sums up the evil effects which even the moderate use of alcohol, in any of its forms, produces upon stomach, brain, liver, lungs, heart and kidneys, demonstrating undeniably that it results in diseases, and complications of diseases of these organs.

He gives, in the following manner, the diagnosis of drunkenness: "Alcohol, when brought into contact with the central structure by the small blood-vessels, excites the functions of the brain, and this excitation, the degree of which bears a relation to the proportion of alcohol absorbed, manifests itself in passing through all the stages of drunkenness, at first by a joyous condition, which is nearly always one of good temper, to which soon succeeds incipient babbling, with a morbid tendency to move in the same circle of ideas; the gait, which at first was very alert, and the pace of which seemed to defy all fatigue, then becomes less steady, the state of gayety is then followed by a certain degree of irritability, which almost always accompanies an irresistible disturbance of the head. From this moment the aspect of the scene is completely changed; there is not only excitation, but a perversion of ideas, a veritable delirium more or less quarrelsome, more or less violent, which sometimes verges on incoherent verbiage, and a condition of extreme agitation, and at others degenerates into a crisis of blind fury, in which the

individual becomes capable of any crime, the horrible eventualities of which he usually avoids, because, exhausted by the very excess of the excitation to which he is a prey, he falls into a state of prostration and becomes an inert mass—a man *dead drunk*."

Not only, the writer says, does the use of alcoholic drinks engender many maladies, "but, before it has produced all these material disorders and disturbances of health, it has already had the effect of rendering the consumers of these drinks more accessible to the action of causes which give rise to casual affections, of aggravating these affections, and of compromising in a most serious manner the cicatrization of wounds, and the successful results of operations which may have been performed on drinkers."

"Epidemic diseases," he goes on to say, "such as variola, typhoid fever, dysentery, and cholera, rage by preference amongst drunkards. \* \* \* In drunkards all acute maladies have a remarkable tendency to become complicated by delirium, which is always agitated, often very furious, and which, by its violence, places the patient in danger of death, and in all cases renders recovery more difficult, and convalescence more prolonged."

"Inveterate alcoholic poisoning has consequences which are still more formidable—a small wound, without danger in a sober and healthy man, often in a drinker becomes the starting point of terrible symptoms which art is powerless to remove. \* \* The antecedent bad state of the principal organs, as the liver, kidneys and lungs, is still more aggravated, and favors the development of internal complications. The reparation of the mischief caused by the wound requires pure blood and the regular concurrence of all the nutritive functions; with altered blood, and a profound disturbance of the functions, cicatrization is rendered difficult or impossible. \* \* The sores take on a bad appearance, they become painful and inflamed, and are covered by putrified debris or pus of a bad kind. Phlegmon, erysipelas and gangrene may manifest themselves, and the already altered blood takes up terrible poisons, which soon complete the work of destruction."

"Finally, not only does the drinker ruin his health, but he also compromises in advance that of his descendants. In many scrofulous and phthisical patients the malady which affects them has for its original cause alcoholic excesses on the part of the parents."

Though this physician seems hardly prepared to recommend total abstinence, the most zealous advocate of that doctrine could not wish for stronger arguments than those here made use of; for, bear in mind, all these dreadful evils result not from excessive drunkenness alone, but from moderate drinking also, which moderate drinking he admits is almost



sure to "pass speedily," "along an insensible declivity" to immoderate drinking. He admits that "the immense majority of cases of acute or chronic alcoholism is due to the unhappy custom which at the present day has so many followers in all classes, and which consists in using, either in the morning or before the evening meal, wine, or pure alcoholic drinks, as *eau-de-vie* or liquors." It is to this pernicious custom, and to its rapid progress during the past twenty years, that one must attribute, in part, the physical and moral debasement from the sad effects of which France so seriously suffers.

In the same number of this *Half-Yearly Abstract* there is another article from the *Lancet*—"a contribution to the morbid anatomy of alcoholism, founded upon a comparison of post-mortem appearances between persons trading in liquor and persons occupied independently of it." This paper is by Dr. Dickenson, an English physician of high repute, and the grounds he takes in his general conclusions for the facts before him are identical with those of the French physician whom we have quoted at such length.

These are promising signs of the times, but still more promising is the attitude taken by the great organ of conservatism in every form—the *London Times*. That paper discusses the question of "vested rights" in the following able and radical manner:

"Publicans' Profits represent mis-spent money. This is the great fact to be recognized on both sides. What proportion of these gains might survive under regulations preventing anything like excess we need not inquire. Enough, we may be quite sure, would perish to produce all the depreciation now predicted. The liquor trade would cease to be the only trade flourishing in the most impoverished district; gin-shops would no longer be the only good houses in the most squalid of streets. The amount of money spent in drink when no more drink was bought than

was good for the buyer, would not, it may safely be assumed, keep one publican out of three. The publicans desire to keep all their trade, instead of a third of it, from which it follows that two shillings out of every three of their customers' money must be thrown away for their sake. Do they really believe that such claims can be permanently sustained? They have everything against them except the vicious propensities of nature. The efforts of every teacher and preacher are directed toward keeping people away from the public-house. The fixed purpose of every minister of the gospel, every active philanthropist, and every workingman's friend, is to reduce the profits of the liquor traffic, to depreciate the property invested in it, and, generally, to produce the identical consequences predicted from Mr. Bruce's bill. The views entertained are not expressed in these words, but that is their true purport.

There is a standing conspiracy of all the friends of popular progress against the prodigious and productive investments now declared to be in peril. The advocates of the permissive act are only the advanced class of the main body, intolerant and occasionally irrational, as most zealots are, but still on a course recognized as substantially right. This is the fact overlooked by the trade. If pauperism is to be diminished, thrift encouraged, and crime depressed, half the profits of the liquor traffic, to say the least, must go. The prospect cannot be agreeable to those engaged in the business, but there is no use in blinking it. To put the case in half a dozen words, the profits in which the liquor-sellers now claim a vested interest are realized to a vast extent at the cost of popular degradation, vice and misery; and the question is simply whether the legislature of a country is not justified in placing, with due consideration, the welfare of a people above the gains of a trade."

## THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

### No. VII.

**I** FIND this recipe for washing-fluid in a very reliable journal. I have never tried it, but know the ingredients to be good for the purpose recommended.

Five pounds of sal-soda, one pound of borax, half a pound of unslaked lime, four ounces of salts of tartar, and three ounces of liquid ammonia. Dissolve the soda and borax in one gallon of boiling water, to which is added, when cooled, the ammonia and salts of tartar. Put the lime into a kettle, pour over it one gallon of boiling water, boil three minutes and let it settle thoroughly, then pour off the clear liquid. Mix both gallons which have been prepared, and add to them eight gallons of pure, soft water. Keep well-corked. When the clothes are soaked, the night previous to washing-day, use six spoonfuls of this mixture to a tub filled with

clothes. To make a soap of this compound, take three quarts of the mixture, slice with it nine pounds of yellow bar soap, turn it into nine gallons of boiling water, to which add six pounds of sal-soda. Boil it for ten minutes, and when cool you will have a soft soap that will soften any water, cleanse all clothes, wash calicoes and flannels without disturbing their color or shrinking, and which is unequalled for scrubbing floors and woodenware. Its cost is slight—its value great. In using these recipes these clothes do not require as much boiling as is usually given. Time and labor are both saved. I would suggest if the liquid be used, that only a two-gallon jugful be made at one time, or, better make the soap entire.

We had a kind of a little Baptist party night before last at Brother Jenkins's. His strawberries

are very fine this year—they have more than they will need for jelly, jam and canning, and I guess that is one reason he invited all the old members of the church to come in and spend the evening.

Sister Jenkins had set a long table in their dining-room—a bloom with flowers and sparkling with glass-ware—the windows were taken out and her hanging-baskets hung in them, and everything was just as pretty as it could be. We had cake and fruits and tea, but the strawberries crowned all. Sister Jenkins excels in making strawberry short-cake.

When we sat down to supper I took my seat beside father. I had to poke a little fun at him, and I said: "maybe the deacon'll need some friendly body to pound him a-tween the shoulders."

That set Mis' Dougherty to laughing—she that was Philinda Sneeks—and she kept it up until time to ask the blessing, and as soon as Brother Jenkins was through, she commenced again. Philinda always was an inveterate giggler. Now I don't mind a good, hearty, ringing, musical ha, ha! but these little, weak, dribbling cac-cac-cac's are positively painful and suggestive of hysteria.

Brother Mitchell, the Methodist minister, has a laugh full of mesmerism and music—the most contagious laugh I ever heard. When he was here the other day his laugh rang out like a bugle song among the mountain tops—we heard it away to the kitchen. I looked around and saw father shaking all over as he sat reading the Baptist Banner. I said, "What's the matter, papa?" fearing some ungodly son of Adam had said something wicked in the paper.

"Do hear Brother Mitchell laugh!" said he. "I have to laugh every time he does; I can't help it; it catches right hold of me and tickles me so; it does him so much good to laugh."

After tea was over we had a word of exhortation from Brother Jenkins, and then we separated and went home. While father was hitching up Humbug, I took Sister Jenkins to one side and asked her how she made such delicious strawberry short-cake. I frequently meet with women who say: "I've often heard of such cake, but I never made any." Bless your hearts, you ought to know! You should treat your family to it often in the short season of strawberries. I give Sister Jenkins's recipe to such women with pleasure.

Into three pints of flour, mix well two heaping teaspoonfuls of pure cream of tartar, half a tea-cup of butter, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of sweet milk or water. Mix quickly and thoroughly, roll to an inch in thickness, and put it into round pie-pans, in an oven hot enough to begin to bake it immediately. Or, if you can afford it, leave out the cream of tartar, and use sour cream instead of milk. Be very careful and use only saleratus enough to correct the acidity of the cream. Take a quart of strawberries, sprinkle them well with fine white sugar, mash them and let them stand two or three hours before using them. Split the short-cake twice, butter well, and spread the berries

over, adding more sugar. Then place it together again, press down and cover with a white towel. Cut as you would a pie. If your berries are very fine and ripe, you need not mash them. Some people pour sweetened cream over.

For strawberry dumpling: make crust as for short-cake, roll half an inch thick, put about a gill of berries in each dumpling, boil, bake or steam half an hour.

For strawberry jam: for every pound of fruit take three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Mash the berries in a preserving kettle, and have the sugar thoroughly mixed with them. Boil from twenty minutes to half an hour, stirring constantly.

For jelly: take strawberries when fully ripe, strain, and to each pint of juice add a pound of the best refined sugar. Boil steadily, skimming when necessary, for ten or fifteen minutes, or until it will jelly, which may be known by dropping some in a little cold water; if done, it will fall to the bottom in a mass.

I never set jellies away until they have stood three or four days close to the up-stairs windows, in the air and sunshine. Last summer, while finishing our jellies, I was troubled by ants getting among the bowls and glasses. I didn't know what to do to prevent it, but after thinking right hard for a few minutes I hit on a plan that circumvented them.

The jellies stood on a low table; we lifted it and placed the legs in four old saucers, which I filled full of water. Such a nonplussed set of ants I never saw; they ran to the right and the left, they reared up on their hind legs, they made faces, and if ants ever *do* swear they did most vehemently. Many years ago the ants got into our milk-room, and I managed to keep them out of the cream-jar by placing it in a pan of water. This is only a last resort, however.

To make strawberry preserves: select the nicest berries, weigh them and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place to harden and form liquor. Put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly; then take them from the syrup and spread again on platters to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass jars, pour the syrup on hot and seal up.

The girls have just finished making a beautiful rug. Now everybody can't plan a pretty rug. A lady whose eye is skilled in harmonizing colors, showed them how to do it, and make the different shades contrast beautifully. She put a coarse piece of coffee-sack in a frame like a little quilt, and drew the strips through with a rug-hook. For fear you cannot make the colors harmonize, I will tell you how Helen did. She commenced at the edge and worked a round or two in black, then two rounds of dark purple—a stripe out of an old balmoral skirt—then two rounds of wine-colored merino, very pretty

beside the purple, then two rounds of bright scarlet, then one row of green, then one of plaid—green and brown—then two rows of gray, then one of bright blue, then all the rest of it, the entire centre, in plain gray. It is very pretty. If any woman who reads this don't understand how this substantial kind of rugs are made, let her ask some one in town, who will be glad to show her. A rug-hook costs only fifteen cents. Leave the centre of the rug plain; don't be tempted to work anything in it, if you do it will look coarse and overdone, and will be in bad taste.

Lily comes and peeps over my shoulder and says: "I have often wondered, Pipsey, what was the reason you didn't talk more about boys. I never saw a woman who loved boys as devoutly as you do, and yet you never talk special boy-talk."

I reply: "Oh, I talk to the mothers and sisters, and reach the little dears that way."

Yes, I do love little boys, and like to hear them talk and plan and tell good stories. I would hide behind a stone fence, and sit and chatter with the cold an hour, to hear two little fellows on the other side discussing dogs and pigs and horses. Would you believe it? I've done this dozens of times—hidden myself to hear enthusiastic little lads talk when they thought no one was near, and I never yet heard the little dears use a very bad word. Sometimes they would say: "Ding it all!" or, "Drat it!" but nothing worse.

Yes, I did hear one little nugget say, when the nut he was trying to crack got away from him: "Oh, that's a devil of a nut!" but I'll warrant his father would have said the same thing—maybe worse. I think it is funny to steal up where children are sitting and drop a pebble down among them and hear their "wonderment and guesses" and see them stare up at the clouds with big eyes full of astonishment. I remember when I was a little girl and my brother sat on the other side of the wood-pile alone, singing and fixing his top, that I stole up, with no evil intentions, and dropped a big chip over. It fell on his head and his cry brought my mother, armed and equipped, ready to fight the baby's battles.

A few years ago I very much enjoyed the visit of my sister who came from her far-away prairie home with her three-years'-old boy-baby. The child had never seen big trees, or fruit trees bearing abundantly, or hills, or rocks, and his amazement was a luxury to us. They came on the night express and ate their supper out on the porch that opens into the orchard. The ripe fruit fell to the ground every minute. Every apple that would drop, Otto would catch his breath and straighten up and make eyes and mouth like three O's.

His ecstasy was without bounds when we took him into the heart of the old oak woods. His sweet, little, olive-tinted face was glorified. It was better to me than any poem. One little incident happened while he was here that I shall laugh over as long as I live.

We two sisters visited our mother's grave, and our tears fell upon the long, soft grass that swept across it. From that grave we went to others. We kindly remembered the last resting-place of the good old gentleman who used to let us ride home from school in his glittering carriage—and that of our school-mate who was drowned—and our teacher's—and old Betty Watkins's—and the traveller's, whom no one knew—and the grave where the roses bloomed so very beautifully in the long-ago summers. Otto couldn't understand what such a great "city of the dead" meant—he was awe-struck and followed along behind us.

We had passed an old, sunken grave, we knew not whose, and not hearing Otto's step, we looked back just in time to see him slip with one foot down into the grave.

Without a thought of irreverence my sister said: "Oh, Otto! run! old Mr. McCracken'll catch you by the leg!" The child leaped like a flash and ran, looking back over his shoulder to see if he were pursued. His little, dumpy legs were not more than a foot long, but he made good time, twisting his head back every moment, and then looking forward, as if to measure the distance that lay between danger and safety. It was as lively a race as he'll ever run. I never saw a more ridiculous sight, and we didn't dare to let him see us laugh. I just tumbled down on the grass and pulled my bonnet over my face and pretended I was resting.

I never had a real laugh and a real cry come so closely together.

I told the deacon, when we came home, and he said it went to prove that we were both very human; he said some other things, too, that were not very flattering, but then we wa'n't afeard o' the deacon.

I presume he felt it obligatory upon himself to administer a word of rebuke, as how he was a deacon and in authority.

I think I have hit on a labor-saving plan that will find favor with housekeepers. I'll tell you; see what you think of it. You know if we women are in a hurry it takes some time to get the ingredients together to make a pan of biscuit. Well, try my new plan, make the patent flour and have it all ready.

To six pounds of good wheat flour, mix five teaspoonfuls of good, dry, pulverized soda, then seven teaspoonfuls of pure cream of tartar and five of salt. Spread a thick newspaper on the table and sift this two or three times through the sieve, put it away in a new paper sack, and you have risen cakes on hand, to which add water and butter and your biscuits are ready for the oven.

It is well to prepare a dozen or fifteen pounds of flour at one time with proportionate quantities of the ingredients.

At this season of the year, lemon-pies are in demand. There are many ways of making them, but

none simpler or better than this: Allow one lemon for two pies, grate as much of the rind as you like, mash the pulp up fine, taking care not to get any of the seeds in. Take one cup of sugar broken with the yolks of four eggs, one and a half cups of milk and two teaspoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in the milk. Bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the four eggs with pulverized white sugar, for puffing, spread over the pie, return to the oven and brown lightly.

I think something handy for Sunday dinner is so much better than to cook a hot meal when you come home from church tired. We think the queen pudding is very nice for Sunday dinner; it is the kind Mrs. Kinzey used to make for Bub when he boarded there. He was always telling us what a handsome woman she was; just as likely as not her greatest charm lay in being such an excellent cook. I found out how she made her queenly pudding, and this is the way:

One pint of broken crackers or bread crumbs to one quart of rich milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Bake until done, not overdone. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you like. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten with cold cream.

I saw a pretty thing in the window of a sick room lately; it was the invalid's good cheer, and was easily made. Take pine cones and set them in sand, or soil, or moss, whichever you choose. While they are yet open and dry, scatter in as much earth as the scales will hold, then sprinkle in fine grass seed, and then sprinkle water lightly over the whole. The cones should be kept in a warm place, and not watered much, say once a day. In less than a week the seeds will sprout, and soon the graceful spears will jet out in every direction. If you wish, you can then take the cones out of the soil and hang them inverted in a window, a cluster of them. Or, put a wet sponge in a glass bowl, and sow over it flax, grass or mustard seed, or all four of them mixed. It will soon be covered with a thick growth of tender green, and if carefully watered every day the mustard will in time blossom beautifully. These are pretty adornments for an invalid's chamber or for a grandmother's cosy room.

When ready to put away preserves or jam, if a sheet of tough, fibrous paper be taken and brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg, as it dries it will shrink and tighten, and be quite impervious to the air, provided the preserves are kept, as they always should be, in a dry place, not against a wall. Preserves often ferment, grow mouldy or candied. These arise from three causes—insufficient

boiling, being kept in a damp place and from too quick or too long boiling. When they ferment, the syrup should be poured from them, scalded and turned back on them while hot. In making a syrup for fruit which makes little or no juice, one gill of water to each pound of sugar is enough.

It may not be well known that the white of eggs well beaten up, so as to destroy their structure, forms the gloss of the book-binder with which he gives the shiny appearance to the newly-bound books.

If any one desires to renovate the appearance of some of their old library books, they can rub off the dirt and fly-marks with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub the covers over with a small piece of rag dipped in gloss, and they will be surprised and pleased with the improvement in their appearance. The use of white of egg in clarifying is well known. A small quantity mixed with any turbid or thick solution coagulates when it is heated, and entangling all the small particles that cause the turbidity, leave the liquid bright and clean as it boils up to the surface, in the form of scum.

We had a man mowing our door-yard yesterday. I watched him pretty closely, for fear he would snip off my rose-bushes. I put my shawl on and sat on the grass, and pretended I was keeping him company. He is a man of good sense, and he said a great many sensible things. I remarked that mowing must be his trade, he did it so well, and made such nice work.

"Heh!" he sniffed; "I'm jack of all trades and master of none. I can do most anything that I take hold of;" and he leaned over and shaved the grass neatly from about a snarl of rose-bushes, a beautiful tangle that I couldn't prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh, thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother would dress her babe. Any other man would have said: 'Here's a dead branch, Miss Potts;' or, 'Yon is a useless shoot;' or, 'That bush yander is a sufferin' for the knife.' It's my bush, you see, and I want it to grow as wild, and ranting, and riotous, and just as extravagantly as it pleases. I don't care if it leaps up as high as the top of the house," said I, a good deal excited.

"Well, I carcalate that it would be the better of a little trimmin', but, as you say, it's well enough to let natur' have her own way, just to see what all she can do when she takes a notion. If I was a reg'lar gardener, I s'pose I would have attacted that bush whether or no. I often wish father had apprenticed me to that trade—poor man, he's been dead an' gone this many a long year; he was a good father, and I don't find it in my heart to bring up a word o' blame agin him;" and here he leaned on the handle of the scythe in a comfortable sort of a way. "But, Miss Potts, I think it's every man's duty to give his boys trades. When father died he left a farm of one hundred and sixty acres; there was mother, and we three grown boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny,



and grandmother. Well, we couldn't all have the farm, and we couldn't any more than make a good living, and pay the preacher and the taxes, and school the children, and meet an occasional doctor's bill; and so Jack and I talked it over one night, and though it did seem a little hard, we resolved, 'fore God an' ourselves, that we'd give up all right and claim to the old farm to Tom, our oldest brother, if he'd care for mother and the children, and do the part of a dutiful son and brother. It did seem kind o' hard, strikin' out to do for ourselves, two green boys who'd always been cared for. Jack'd always wanted more larnin', he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to shift for himself as he best could. Well, he worried along somehow, until now he is qualified to teach—he teaches in the winter and goes to school in the summer. I'd taken a shine to Milly Brown—she was a modest little hard-workin' creetur—and so we concluded to marry and help each other along. We never regretted it; and though I don't own a foot o' land, and have no trade, we have always managed so that we never had to endure much privation. Be sure I've had to wear patch upon patch, an' Milly's had to turn her dresses bottom end up, an' t'other side out; we've got along grandly.

"But Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up an' feel myself a man among men. I ain't an independent man; I've no trade. To-day I mow your yard, to-morrow I help Farmer Hutchins move his smoke-house, the next day I plow corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next I'll make a chimney in Ephraim's kitchen, or elevate grain in Taylor's warehouse, or haul coal for Caster, or make a pavement on Milk Street, or weed somebody's garden. That's no way o' doin', hackin' round for Tom, Dick, an' Harry, sometimes getting paid, and sometimes only paid in worthless promises. Why, very often I work half a day for a man and he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn sometime, Willson;' or, 'it's a mighty nice thing to be as handy a man as you are, George.'

"No, Miss Potts, I'm not a free man—I am a bond-man, I wear shackles, an' here I've a family comin' on, promisin' boys and girls, an' I'm afraid I'll not be able to do my whole duty by 'em. God helpin' me I mean to give every boy o' mine a good trade, anyhow; maybe my girls, too. When Bowzer broke up and had to sell his farm and move to town, I just spoke right up before I thought. I said, 'Bowzer,' said I, 'now you can't do a better thing than to apprentice Ned and Timothy to trades. You don't want to live in town and have two big idle boys trifling away their time. Don't do as my father did, don't let 'em ever feel as though you had not done all a father's duty. You can have Ned learn the tinner's trade, and let Tim be a mason, or a plasterer, or a cooper,' an' what does neighbor Bowzer do but up and git mad, an' tell me to mind my own business, an' that he was capable of lookin' after his own family.

"Well, to day those Bowzer boys are like me, going

jobbing 'round wherever they can get a hand's turn to do. I think it is a blasted shame for a man to bring poor children into this world and not do a father's duty by them, just leave them to shift for themselves, crippled, shackled, hobbled, wings clipped and not feeling that they belong to the class of men who are free and brave and bold, and who can stand up and look the world in the face and feel themselves no man's inferior.

"That was a nice thing, sensible, too, that Esquire Hamilton did last week. His youngest son, Ralph, don't like to go to school—is dull about learning—it is drudgery to him, and so, with his own consent, his father bound him to the blacksmith's trade. My! what a growth that boy'll get! He is pretty hearty now, but what muscle will be developed, and what a ruddy face, and strong arm, and how happy he'll be.

"Oh, I think it's a God's blessing for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it to make a living! So—so—well—I'll try and do my duty by my boys;" and my neighbor drew his sleeve across his moist face and went on with his mowing.

My heart ached for the poor man, and I shut my teeth a little viciously in memory of the indifferent old father in his grave on the hillside. In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and I thought what a pity it is that young men so rush into the over-crowded professional ranks, preferring to be a fourth-rate lawyer, an ungodly minister, or an illiterate quack-doctor, to that of a first-rate blacksmith, wagon-maker or bricklayer.

I'd rather see a young man know how to make a good basket, than a poor plagiarized plea at the bar; rather see him toil, horny-handed in a sweaty check shirt than to sneak 'round public places in a seedy black, trying to eke out a miserable, sham existence by pettifoggery dirty cases and manufacturing falsehoods, and then esteeming himself better than the honest toiler, just because he has the little tag of Esq. dangling to his name.

I like neighbor Susie's plan about her children's clothes in the summer time. Her little girls don't wear shirts at all when the weather is warm, and their drawers are unusually large and loose and short. Instead of chemise, Susie makes loose sacque waists, not lined, gathered on to a band that leaves the shoulders free, and a row of buttons round the bottom on to which she fastens the drawers. There is no child's garment so handsome, and that holds heat like the little clinging chemise or shirt. Let them be dispensed with in very hot weather. Make the little waists with short sleeves trimmed prettily, the length to come below the belt several inches. A skirt if necessary can be buttoned on the same as drawers. I am vexed sometimes when I see little girls sweltering in the hot weather with chemise and drawers and skirts and high-necked, long-sleeved dresses, and perhaps an apron outside of that, and their abundant hair long and warm about their necks.

If you are tired, and the weather is warm, and it seems a trouble to get supper, and you did have a hearty dinner, why, I'll tell you what to fix. Put six or eight butter-crackers in a deep dish, and pour over them boiling water enough to quite cover them.

They will be swollen to three or four times their size. When cooled off a little, dish them out, grate loaf-sugar over them, and nutmeg or lemon, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce. This is good enough for anybody's tea.

## OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

V.

### SUSCEPTIBILITIES.

It may be that the Club observations had been unusually dull and uninteresting on this particular evening. We were not, it is probable, the party best qualified to judge as to that, being, in the weakness and vanity of our human nature, inclined to the supposition that our remarks were always highly-entertaining and instructive. But, certain of us were unable, in any other than this unsatisfactory way, to explain why it was, at the most vital and thrilling point in our discussion of some abstract question—no matter what, just now—that little Effie Seymour and the young divinity student, whom we have previously introduced, arose abruptly, and turning their backs indifferently on us and our conclusions, slipped stealthily out at the door, and went sauntering slowly down the walk, in the misty April moonlight, under the dim-shining April stars.

Such of us as were lovers—and who of us were not?—might have comprehended that all the wisdom of the universe concentrated in our reasonings would not have weighed against one stolen breath of that starry solitude, eloquent with soft, tremulous sighs, and murmured tendernesses; and possibly because we were equal to the comprehension of such marvellous mysteries in human nature, our sense was the more subtle and keen to detect a something spurious and insincere when it existed, as we instinctively felt it did in this particular instance.

Dr. Osgood, who had one of his recurring spasms of visiting us every evening, expressed, in fact, the sentiment of nearly the whole company, when cutting short the Professor, I think, in the middle of his profound argument, he broke forth in his sharp, abrupt way, "This thing has been going on long enough, and it ought to be checked by some means without delay. One can't sit still and see an honest, unsophisticated fellow like young Morton so egregiously fooled and victimized by sly, subtle feminine arts, in which he is all inexperienced."

Templeton flushed with momentary anger. Effie was his special favorite, and any implied censure of her could not fail to touch him sorely.

"Doctor," said he, with some warmth, "we had a talk not long ago on the dangerous qualities and evil propensities of tongues. I regret much that you were not present. But, the conclusion at which we unanimously arrived, if I remember rightly, was, that it is profitable for each of us to mind our own business."

"A decision, I assure you, which I heartily endorse, and have no disposition to reverse," returned the Doctor, blandly. "Now, my business, as you may easily conceive, is to strike at an evil wherever I find it; to trace it back to its hidden occult sources; to eradicate it by aiming directly at its causes, which are often far enough removed, seemingly, from their visible effects."

"Have a care that you do not exceed your domain, and in your zeal to exterminate errors, lay your destroying knife at the roots of things purely innocent," said Templeton, warningly.

"Thanks for your caution, my dear host," bowed the Doctor, politely; "but allow me the question, is it a purely innocent thing to reduce a man to a state of simple idiocy?"

"Let me in turn propound another question," responded Templeton. "Is it a sin in a woman to be beautiful, attractive, unconsciously sweet—in a word, womanly; and is she to blame, if, following the instincts of his highest nature, a man falls hopelessly in love with her?"

"Well, perhaps not," admitted the Doctor; "but I do not see that it is 'purely innocent' in her to add to her beauty, sweetness and attraction by seeming to respond to the inordinate affection she has unconsciously inspired."

"It is a difficult and delicate matter to decide sometimes, whether the response is altogether 'seeming,'" Templeton suggested.

"Our young theologian evidently finds it so," returned Dr. Osgood, drily.

Templeton moved uneasily again.

"I can't sit silent," he said, "and hear Effie Seymour charged with wilful trifling in affairs of the heart. The child is as unschooled in art, and as unconscious of the fascinating spell she exerts, as the shyest bird of the air. That soft, timid, depending, half-confiding, half-appealing way of hers—natural as the breath she draws—has an irresistible charm for a man of tender sensibilities, and carries him straightway captive; and what in her yielding, responsive manner may appear to him, and to lookers on, an encouragement, if not a return of his passion, is really, if rightly understood, the simple expression of a grateful, affectionate, sympathetic nature, that shrinks sensitively from the thought of giving pain. This may be weakness, but it is not surely intentional wickedness."

"Truly, a complicated and deplorable state of

affairs," said the Doctor, sarcastically. "For such an infirmity of character as your charming *protégée* exhibits is there not a possible remedy which would tend to avert these unfortunate consequences? What," he added, turning to Jeannette, "would be a sensible woman's suggestion in the case?"

"Am I expected to answer in that capacity?" Jean asked with simplicity.

"If not, it is useless to seek farther," was the gallant rejoinder. "For our sentimental young friend who has gone out mooning with her latest adoring swain, so soon, like his predecessors, to pall upon her sense, what, in your opinion, my dear lady, would be the wisest and safest prescription?"

"Something useful to do and think about," replied Jeannette with satisfactory promptness.

The Doctor nodded approvingly.

Templeton smiled a little disdainfully.

"That is like Jeannette," he said. "Work is her grand panacea alike for all the ills and all the errors of humanity."

"And a wonderful remedial agent it most truly is," declared the Doctor.

"One that requires judgment in application, however," Templeton observed, sagely. "A butterfly cannot be made to perform the duties of a bee."

"The more's the pity," lamented Dr. Osgood. "I could have some admiration for the giddy, gaudy creature if it were good for anything in the world but to flap its lazy, languid wings in the sun, or if the first cloud that breaks on its summer-day existence did not leave it such a poor, miserable, dragged, pitiful, perishing atom of gay, painted dust."

"None the less, perhaps, does it serve its ends because it fails of your admiration, and elicits but your contempt," returned Templeton. "Beauty and frailty have their mission as well as wisdom and force. No one knows better than yourself, Doctor, that we are not all of the same fibre. Some of us are fitted by nature and liking for the rough, hard work of the world, others are born to sit at ease in the sun, to be loved and petted, and humored and sheltered from all the rude storms of life, to bear no burdens of care or responsibility, to have nothing exacted or expected of them but to be beautiful and lovable and altogether charming, like our dainty little Effie. You might as well think of converting a humming-bird into a staid, barn-yard fowl as to propose putting the work-a-day harness of coarser mortals on this delicate, nervous, sensitive creature. Why, subjected to the tedious discipline which in your philosophy is the corrective of all evils, how long do you suppose she could endure?"

"Longer, a great deal longer, my dear sir, than she can under the strain and fever and agitation of the false, vain, frivolous life she is leading now," asserted the Doctor, very confidently. "There is nothing that so soon wears out and breaks down such an organization as you define as the continued and unnatural excitement of the emotions and feelings with no underlying motive of use or outreaching impulse of love and benevolence. In my long and

varied experience as a physician, I have found my most trying and difficult class of patients constantly recruited from the ranks of these same selfish, indolent, irresponsible, tenderly protected creatures whom you think so charming and womanly, though I assure you as nervous, irritable, complaining, desponding, hypochondriacal invalids they are anything but winning, and one comes to care for them at last more from a sense of duty than from any special affection. On the other hand, I am very seldom summoned to the case of one who has a really earnest purpose in life, and an occupation that calls into play the restless activities and energies of body and brain, which, if not directed toward something useful and noble, will most certainly be frittered on low, trifling, demoralizing ends. So far from work, honest, hearty, wholesome work wearing out or breaking down the most delicate constitution, it is, if wisely adapted to one's powers, and systematically performed, wholly beneficent in its effects, physical, mental and moral, giving tone and energy, and steadfastness and weight to character, imparting zest to simple, healthful pleasures and preserving rather than wasting the vital forces of life."

"But, Dr. Osgood, we do not want a child like Effie to have weight and steadfastness of character," said Templeton, smiling. "It would be the most unnatural thing in the world, and not at all admirable. In fact, there is nothing more mournful in the young than too much gravity and sedateness. Life must have its season of pleasure, and we cannot be too careful about laying prematurely the heavy responsibilities of later years on the shoulders of gay, careless, happy-hearted youth. Do you realize what it is that you think to do? Would you deprive a woman of that bright, brief, witching reign of beauty and power in which she queens it so royally over all who approach to pay homage to her sovereign state? And what is it, after all, that appears to you so desperately wicked in those really innocent little coquetties, as natural to a maiden as to laugh when she is glad and to sigh when she is sad? Why, it looks a good deal like reproaching and reproving the Master and Maker for the imperfection of His gift when we seek to repress the impulses and affections essential to its power and loveliness and grace, and, in the folly of our self-conceit, to engraft qualities utterly foreign to its character. A woman, especially a young, beautiful, dependent woman (and really not more such an one than an older, plainer and professedly independent woman, except that she is more open and transparent in her desires,) covets what is her right, the unqualified admiration of the other sex, loves to be praised, to be flattered, if you will—loves, in fact, to be loved, and if she sometimes feigns—half or quite unconsciously it may be—to feel more interest than she would dare to take oath upon in her craving for the meed of appreciation and the tribute of worship which are necessary to her happiness, and I had almost said to her existence, we must not be too harsh and scathing in our judgment. It is but nature."



"Do not be too absolutely certain, Friend Templeton, that it is nature," said Jeannette. "It may be the result simply of a very absurd system of education. A woman from her cradle is schooled in an atmosphere of sentiment; and if she is not born, she is speedily trained into the belief that all her relations, and associations with the other sex, must be of a sentimental character. She does not get beyond the tutelage of the nursery before she begins to put on airs, and to practise little arts with her boy play-fellow that she does not with his sister. It is the same, only more so, when she progresses to the school-room, if, indeed, she is so fortunate as to have boys for classmates, though even in that case the ridiculous distinctions made by custom are such as tend to separate her interest as far as possible from theirs in intellectual matters, only the more strongly to concentrate it in the sphere of feeling, yielding, as a result, numberless juvenile flirtations and incipient love passages highly exasperating to perplexed pedagogues that does not see that the dividing line which it strives to draw between the sexes, precipitates the very catastrophe it is designed to avert.

"And thus through all the successive stages of her development she is forced to feel that the only point at which her destiny intersects and blends with that of man is under the passing reign of passion, hence that alert self-consciousness in his society, that adroit and unsuspected aiming at effect, that uneasy ambition to make conquests; and hence, also, too frequently, perhaps her unhappy choice in marriage, for having frittered away on one and another the fresh, pure affections of her virgin heart, she has no longer the clear, penetrant intuitive sense that should recognize the true lover when he comes, and thinking with a sigh that it is all a game of chance, when the necessity for election arrives she recklessly casts lots and draws, or she drifts with the tide until some obstruction she has not force enough to push aside, cuts short her aimless course. Do you call all this 'nature?' I call it nonsensical if not wicked interference with nature.

"If a woman were trained to active and responsible duties, and to habits of self-dependence; if she were brought constantly into association and sympathy with men in intellectual and business pursuits; if she were perfectly free to compete with them in all the trades, professions and industries without the haunting dread that she may be thought unwomanly; if she could meet them as an equal everywhere, with the acknowledged right that she may in the domain of the social affections; if, in fact, she were not so much instructed as to her proper sphere, but were left at entire liberty to find her sphere anywhere in the wide universe of individual power and effort, she would be less diseased with that sickly sentimentality which for any true apprehension and appreciation of the real article is falsely called love, and she would not see in every man, high and low, that approaches her a prospective adorer, a possible suitor, and a certain target for the exercise of that little round of fascinations with which we have grown so familiar

that we wonder at the weakness, blindness and credulity of the victims who are slain by them."

"Because you know nothing of the bliss of being so victimized, Jeannette," returned Templeton, good-humoredly. "I dare say we should have a model womanhood on your plan, but I am not sure I should admire it any more than I admire this imperfect womanhood which you sketch. If that were possible I may as well prepare to go down upon my knees in perpetual adoration, for I assure you my spirit is prostrated in worship before the shrine of womanly divinity even in the degenerate state which you describe, and if it is to be clothed with additional grace, my devotion can know no limits. But, Jean, my excellent friend, you must not overlook the fact which is very clearly manifested on the face of human life, that the affections are woman's peculiar province, and that her greatest strength is there."

"I do not mean to overlook any fact which is patent to the blind," Jeannette replied, "though I have seen men with tenderer sensibilities than some women, and women with stronger intellects than some men, and I do not know just where to draw the separating line. In either case I think it wise to cultivate the deficient qualities, so if the worst come to the worst, and neither should have the other at hand to depend upon, they may not make utter shipwreck and failure of life. It is not always convenient nor exactly in order for a man when he has need of a heart to rush out in search of it among the shoals of dry goods that have no special individuality for him, and a woman, when she has use for a head, feels a good deal more self-respect in finding it upon her own shoulders than she would to seek it upon her neighbor's. There is no sense in making arbitrary distinctions of sex. Nature has made all that are necessary, and will take care that we remember them if we will dare to trust her."

"Dr. Holmes, you know, says a woman never forgets her sex, and that she would rather talk with a man than an angel any day," suggested some one.

"The Doctor knows, I dare say, or he thinks he does, which amounts to the same thing in this world," Jeannette responded.

"It is no less than I have been regretting that a woman thinks more of herself and of the impression she is making, than of the triumph of truth in the gravest issues of life. It is beyond question, too, that she would rather talk with a man than an angel, I am sure that I would, provided he gives me his best, and doesn't imagine he must talk down to my comprehension in order to please me. A sensible man has a thousand wise, helpful things to say, which sweep me out to a broader range of thought, and carry me up to a higher point of vision."

"Templeton," abruptly broke in Dr. Osgood, who had been curiously watching through the open door a tableau on which the hall light was shining, "I have to announce to you the twentieth engagement of your niece. Our intoxicated young student, of the Divine Mysteries, is bidding her good-night at the door, and is kissing rapturously the hand, on



the fore-finger of which he has just slipped the visible token of betrothal. Do you suppose the mark of Gleason's ring is gone from it yet? By my faith, the girl is not off with the old love before she is on with the new."

"Hush!" warned Templeton, in a whisper, as though afraid a breath of the Doctor's harsh criticism might reach the sensitive ears of his favorite.

Possibly there did, for she came in presently with an embarrassed and highly-conscious air, and with the freshly consecrated hand hidden in her dress, only to gather up some articles she had left in her previous stealthy exit, and hastily turn to retire.

Templeton stayed her.

"Effie," he said, with unwonted sternness, "show us your hand."

She hesitated, blushed guiltily, then defiantly put

forth the dainty offending member on which glittered the handsome seal ring, doubtless a souvenir, that the student had worn somewhat conspicuously on his little finger since he had been among us.

Confused, the lovely culprit glanced timidly about, seeking an interpretation of the ominous silence that followed her action; and finding no sympathy, but only surprise, pain, disapproval and contempt in the circle of usually friendly faces, she burst into a copious flood of ever-ready tears.

"I—I never meant it! It was all a—a—mistake! I felt so sorry for him. And, oh, I'm the most miserable girl alive!" she sobbed, and fled precipitately from the room.

"Jeannette," said Templeton, with slow thoughtfulness, "you may see what can be done."

## INSUBORDINATION;

### OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A NEW CHARACTER INTRODUCED.

"HERE, Jim, run to Mrs. Earnest's with these 'uppers,' and tell her I want 'em closed and bound as soon as possible," said Mr. Hardamer, handing a bundle to his smallest boy, who took it, and ran off at full speed.

"Mr. Hardamer wants these—" began little Jim, as he was always called in the shop, on entering Mrs. Earnest's room; but he stopped short on perceiving her daughter Anne, seated in a chair, weeping violently.

"What's the matter, Miss Anne?" he asked, after a moment's pause, going up to her side. Anne had always been kind to him, and he liked her very much.

For a few moments the weeping girl made no answer to the inquiry of her little friend.

"Oh, Miss Anne, what is the matter?" again asked the boy, his own eyes filling with tears. "Where is your mother?"

"She is dead!" murmured the girl, sobbing violently.

"Oh, no, Miss Anne?" But his eye turned involuntarily toward the bed, and saw the pale, death-stricken face of Mrs. Earnest. Bursting into tears, he leaned his head against the chair on which Anne was sitting, and wept with her. He, too, had lost a friend in Mrs. Earnest. For, since the death of his mother, she was the only one he had met who seemed to care for him with anything like a maternal regard.

Mrs. Earnest had long been in feeble health, and had been wasting away for years in a slow decline. But death came more suddenly than had been expected. Her husband, a physician, who had not succeeded in obtaining a very large practice, had been dead for many years. In dying, he had left his intelligent and interesting wife, with one daughter about six years old. The little that he had been

able to accumulate did not last the widow long, and Mrs. Earnest was soon thrown upon her own resources for a support for herself and child. By careful economy and constant industry, she had contrived to keep her head above water, and, at the same time, to send her child to school until she was eleven or twelve years of age. About this time she began to feel seriously the inroads of a concealed but fatal disease, and it became necessary to tax Anne's young strength and patience in daily toil with her needle.

The little girl, who had a deep affection for her mother, and had often been led to notice the weariness and evident pain with which she toiled on from day to day, gladly entered upon the task allotted her, and, though often fatigued and restless from long application, she never complained.

Year after year passed, and, from one kind of work to another, they had changed, until at last they confined themselves to closing and binding shoes, as requiring less of wearisome application than ordinary sewing. At this they managed to support themselves comfortably, for their wants were few.

"I must go, Miss Anne," said the boy, lifting his head from the chair against which he had leaned it.

"Mr. Hardamer'll beat me if I stay long."

"Poor child!" ejaculated Anne, forgetting for the moment her own sad condition. "I'm afraid you have a hard time of it, Jimmy."

"Oh, no, Miss Anne, not very. Only, I'm beat so, sometimes. But I must run back. I'll come again to-night."

"Do come, I shall want to see you;" and as the pale, sorrow-stricken face of the child disappeared, her own thoughts went back again to the keen affliction she had been called to endure. But a few minutes before the boy came in, her mother had heaved her last sigh, and she was now friendless and alone with the dead.

On the evening after the funeral, Anne found herself alone in the room where for years she had been used to see the dear face and hear the kind words of her mother. And she was not only alone, but friendless. There were none to whom she could look for protection, and no place to which she could go and call it her home. While busy with sad thoughts and painful forebodings, the boy who had brought the work the day before came in. He was but a small boy, and she was in the early bloom of womanhood, but his face was to her a welcome one.

"Good evening, Miss Anne," he said, entering without ceremony.

"How do you do, Jimmy? I'm glad to see you, for I feel very lonesome."

"I thought you would be lonesome, and so I came," replied the little fellow, in simplicity of heart.

"You're a very good boy, Jimmy, to remember me now I'm in trouble."

"I can never forget you, Miss Anne, for when everybody beat me, or made fun of me, you were always good to me, and just like my sister that's been dead, oh, so long!" And the boy stood before her with the tears streaming down his cheeks, in remembrance of those who, while living, loved him and cared for him.

"You had a sister, then, Jimmy?" said Anne, forgetful of her own affliction, in sympathy for the sorrow of the child.

"Oh, yes! And she was so good to me! But she was sick a long time, and when mother died there was no one to take care of her. I was a little, little boy, and couldn't do nothing. And so the people put us into a cart and sent us out to the poor-house. There they took sister and put her in a room full of sick people, and wouldn't let me stay with her. I cried and cried to stay with her, and then they beat me so hard with a stick; and the man said he'd kill me if I didn't hush. I was afraid to cry loud after that, but I used to lay awake most all night long, sometimes, a thinking of sister, and crying all to myself. 'Mayn't I see sister? Oh, please let me see sister!' I said to the man, after I'd been there eight or nine days. He looked at me cross for awhile, and then he said, a little easy, and didn't look so cross, that if I'd be a good boy, and not cry any more, for the tears were running down my cheeks all I could do to help it, that I should see her the next day. All that night I slept but little, thinking about seeing sister; and I tried not to cry, but I cried all the while."

"Next morning I was up so early—it was hardly daylight, and I waited and waited for the man to come and take me to see sister. But hour after hour passed away, after breakfast, until dinner-time came; and I hadn't seen her yet. Two or three times the man came into the room, but I was afraid to say anything to him, for fear he'd be angry. But I looked him in the face as wistfully as I could, though he didn't take no notice of me. It was most night when he came in again, and he walked about the room as unconcerned as if nobody's heart was a'most break-

ing, like mine was. Every minute I expected him to call me to go and see sister; but he didn't seem to remember his promise. When he turned to go out, I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I went right up to him, and putting up my hands, as if I was going to say my prayers, said: 'Oh, sir, do let me see my sister!' He turned around so cross on me for a moment, and then looking toward the woman who took care of our room, said: 'Here, take this brat in to see his sister.'

"The woman looked at me as if she didn't care whether she did or not—then she caught hold of my arm and said—'Come along, and be quick, too!' She almost dragged me through the passages, and up-stairs to the sick-room where sister was. But I didn't mind that. All I cared about was seeing sister; and in a moment or two I was by her side. Oh, how much paler and thinner she was! And her big, bright eyes looked into my face so strangely. But she was so glad to see me; and took me in her arms and held me tight to her bosom, and kissed my face all over. And then the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she shut her eyes, and was still for a good many minutes, but her lips moved all the while. 'Come, that'll do!' said the woman, 'I've no time to be fooling here,' and she took hold of me to pull me away. Sister, she looked so anxiously in the woman's face, but it didn't do no good, for her heart was cold and hard. 'Let him come again, won't you?' said sister, in a low voice. 'I don't know that I will, you make such a fuss over him,' said the woman, and lifting me down from the bed, she dragged me away."

"I didn't do nothing but cry all that night, and all the next day, too, and the man said, if I didn't hush, he'd half kill me, and said I shouldn't see my sister any more, if that was the way I acted. I stopped crying all at once; that is, outside, but I seemed to be crying inside all the while. In about two weeks more I got so impatient to see sister, that I made bold to ask the man again. 'What's that?' said the woman, who heard me. 'Jim wants to see his sister again,' said the man. 'He's a fool!' said the woman, 'his sister's been dead these ten days.'

"I didn't cry nor say nothing, Miss Anne; but I can't tell you how I felt. I wanted to die, too. Oh, it would have seemed so good, if I could have died. I stayed there a good while, when Mr. Hardamer came out one day, and said he wanted a boy; and then they bound me to him. He and Mrs. Hardamer scold me, and beat me so much, that I sometimes wish I was dead, and then I should be with mother and sister."

The poor little fellow now covered his face with his hands, and sobbed violently, while the tears trickled fast through his fingers. For some time, Anne's affliction was all absorbed in her sympathy for her little friend; but this gradually subsided, and she felt keenly her desolate condition.

"What are you going to do, Miss Anne?" said the boy to her, after his own feelings had revived a little from their great depression.

"Indeed, Jimmy, I don't know what I shall do."

"I heard Gertrude say this morning, that they wanted somebody to come there and sew. I wish you'd come; I know they'd like you."

"I will think about it, Jimmy," she replied.

"But, maybe, Miss Anne, they'll get somebody else if you don't speak quick. Won't you come to-morrow, and see about it?"

"I don't know, indeed, Jimmy; I can tell best after I have thought about it."

"Oh, I wish you would come!" said the little boy, as he thought more seriously of the matter. "I would be so happy."

The earnest desire expressed by her humble friend, and the sympathy she felt for him, influenced the decision of Anne in a good degree. On the next day she called on Mrs. Hardamer, and an arrangement was soon entered into for her to come and sew for a dollar and a half a week.

This happened about the time of Genevieve's abandonment by her husband. The circumstances of her marriage and desertion were noised about among that particular class of individuals who are interested in such matters; and, as it was very well known that the girls held their heads a little too high, it afforded a subject for no little ill-natured gossip. Some few pitied, while others secretly rejoiced at the bad fortune of Genevieve. As soon as her parents ascertained that Anderson had fairly gone off, they took her home, but evinced little sympathy for her condition. Mrs. Hardamer, Genevieve and Gertrude, were too deeply mortified to regard her feelings. All hope of an elevation of the family by her marriage was cut off. She was irrevocably tied to a worthless fellow, from whom they had only to expect disgrace and annoyance. Any scarcity of gallants, was sure to be charged, by the girls, upon Genevieve.

"It's all owing to your miserable connection with that fellow," said Genevieve to her, one evening, after having sat up for company, all furbelowed off, in vain. "No man that thinks anything of himself is going to marry either Gertrude or me, now you've brought such disgrace upon the family."

"I wish the puppy'd been in the North Pole, before he came about here," added Gertrude. "I always knew he was an impostor."

"Yes, and Genevieve might have known it, too," resumed Genevieve, "if she hadn't been so mad for a husband. But, I reckon she's got enough of it, and, I can't say that I'm much sorry either, if it wasn't for the disgrace of the family."

Genevieve made no reply to these cruel remarks; but they entered her heart. She was too deeply afflicted to feel resentment, and she knew it would be of no use to complain. Anne was present when the remarks were made, and she at once retired to her chamber. There she was soon followed by Genevieve, who had been assigned a portion of Anne's bed. She was not considered worthy to occupy the same room with her two grown-up sisters; and she, by no means, regretted the banishment.

Anne was seated at a small table, reading, when

Genevieve came in; and, as the latter at once sat down by the window, and leaned her head upon her arms, she read on. In a few minutes she was conscious that Genevieve was weeping bitterly. Closing the volume, which was none other than the Holy Word, she drew near to Genevieve, and, with a tender concern, which could not be misunderstood, took her hand and said: "When all our friends forsake us, there is One who still looks kindly upon us and loves us."

Genevieve made no answer, but the tears fell faster, and she sobbed more convulsively.

"It is only through affliction, Mrs. Anderson," continued Anne, "that we can know ourselves. And this knowledge, if we make the right use of it, is worth all we suffer. In all our sorrows, there is One who stands very near, and permits the sorrows to come upon us. But, although the floods prevail, he will not let them overwhelm us. Our Heavenly Father loves us with a deeper and a wiser love than our earthly parents possibly can, and surely he will let nothing harm us, if we will look up to him in childlike confidence and submission."

Genevieve grew calmer, and seemed to listen with deep attention. Anne continued: "All affliction is for our good. When we fall into these deep waters, we should not despair, but look into our own hearts, and see if we cannot find some evils there which we could not have seen without the affliction. And, most certainly, my dear madam, we shall not look in vain."

"Oh, I am very miserable!" exclaimed Genevieve, and she clasped her hands together, and again burst into tears. This time she laid her head upon Anne's shoulder. For a few minutes the latter made no attempt to check the current of her feelings; but, as Genevieve grew more composed, she said: "There can no more be pain of mind, without mental disease, than there can be pain of body without a bodily disease. The pain is simply a call for some remedy. If there were no pain, externally or internally, in either case, the individual might die suddenly, naturally or spiritually, without having been conscious of the existence of any disease. This pain that we feel, is, then, a merciful provision, and we ought always to consider seriously, what it means, and profit by the lessons. You say you feel miserable; if all were right within, you could not feel miserable."

"But who could feel happy, Anne, under all the circumstances that surround me. Forsaken by my husband, and treated unkindly in my father's house."

And again she gave way to a flood of tears.

"That is to be expected, Mrs. Anderson," said Anne, after a pause of some moments, in which Genevieve grew calmer. "The man who suffers with a violent pain, cannot be indifferent to it, simply because it makes him conscious that he has a disease, brought on by some particular act of indiscretion; but, then, it may reveal to him, in its true light, the folly that brought on the disease, and cause him to avoid it in future. So in the case of great mental



agony, arising from circumstances of affliction. By it we are enabled to see that we have acted from wrong motives, and thus blindly run into trouble; or, we have cherished in our hearts, a false estimate of things, and loved them purely with a selfish love; and, when they have been removed, there has been nothing upon which we could lean for comfort. Such discoveries, followed by a correction of long formed evil habits of the mind, secure for the future a measure of true happiness."

"Anne," said Genevieve, lifting up her head, and looking her young adviser in the face, with something of surprise and admiration, "you are a strange girl, different from any that I have ever met. Where did you learn these things, that sound so much like truth; and yet, are to me, new and almost incomprehensible."

"I had a good mother," replied Anne, her voice trembling as she uttered the dear name, "and she had known much sorrow. In the school of affliction, she had learned wisdom. I loved that mother," again her voice trembled, "and knew, that whatever she told me was truth. The nature, and cause of affliction she taught me, and since she has been removed from me, I have found them blessed lessons. But, it must never be forgotten, Mrs. Anderson, while thinking of these things, that, apart from a religious principle we never can be happy. The Lord is our father, and loves us with an unspeakable love. In His Word, he has told us what we should do to be happy."

"What can I do? How shall I begin, Anne?" asked Genevieve, with a new-born earnestness.

"Are you ever conscious of acting or thinking wrong?"

"Yes, almost every day!"

"And this doing, or thinking wrong, always makes you feel more unhappy?"

"Always."

"Then the way is plain before you. As soon as you are conscious of wishing to do wrong, or of indulging in wrong desires and affections, then shun such thoughts and desires as evil, and, therefore, sins against the Lord; and particularly refrain, upon the same principle, from bringing out into action, and thereby confirming them, these evil thoughts or affections, and you will then be doing all that is required of you. Tranquility of mind, such as you have never known, will succeed these efforts, if you persevere in them, looking all the while to the Lord for aid. Don't look at anything but your present duty. Let everything else take care of itself. In so doing you will find that every day will bring its peculiar duties, and in their performance you will find an internal satisfaction, of which no outward circumstances can rob you."

"I will try to do right, Anne; will you help me?"

"Even as I would help my own sister."

"You are kinder to me than my own sisters," said Genevieve, feelingly, looking with tearful eyes into the face of Anne. "And now I can see what is meant by loving the neighbor, and how much happi-

ness must flow from it. I am nothing to you, Anne, and yet you seem to love me and care for me more than those who are of my own blood. This cannot be a selfish feeling. It must be a love for my good." And as the true idea dawned dimly upon her, and touched her heart, by its application to herself, as an object of that love, her feelings again gave way, and she laid her head upon the breast of her new-found friend and wept aloud.

Under the kind and constant direction and admonition of Anne Earnest, Genevieve was enabled to bear, with a degree of meekness and forbearance, the neglect of her parents, and the open unkindness of her sisters; and this change in her disposition was not long in being observed by her parents, and softening their hearts toward her. Month after month passed away, but she had no tidings of her husband. As the period of their separation became more and more extended, obliterating the remembrance of unkindness, and warming up the love that had been felt for him, Genevieve became more and more desirous to hear from him, and once more to be with him. But in this it seemed as if she were not to be gratified, for there came no tidings for her anxious heart.

Gertrude and Geneva, in the pride of conscious superiority, looked upon Anne as far beneath them. Though she was tall and beautifully formed, with a face expressive of great loveliness of character, they could see nothing in her that was not vulgar. She was not suffered to sit at the table with the family, but was assigned the charge of that at which the boys ate. To this she had no particular objection, as she soon saw that her presence had a very great effect upon the apprentices, and that after the first few days their rudeness at the table gradually subsided. They soon showed a disposition to talk to her in a respectful manner, and not unfrequently referred to her the decision of little matters upon which they had disputed. It was a glad day for little Jimmy when he saw her take her place at the table. Although she could not change the quality of their food, materially, yet she could, in a great measure, see that it came upon the table in proper order. She saw that the cook did not allow their coffee or tea to get cold; and by rising very early in the morning and seeing how things went on in the kitchen, and looking in there, too, at night, she managed to have a good many things, in the preparation of their food, attended to that added to their comfort; particularly in the prevention of large quantities of corn bread from being baked up by the lazy cook, which they would be forced to eat cold day after day, she made their fare much pleasanter. The necessity of living upon the same coarse food that they did, was not one that rendered her at all unhappy, as she could, in submitting to this privation, make it more agreeable for them.

Among the many young men who visited occasionally at the house of Mr. Hardamer, was the only son of a rich farmer, who had recently come to the city and opened a store on Market Street. His name



was Illerton. He had made but few acquaintances since his removal to the city, and among these happened to be Geneva and Gertrude. Usually about once every week he dropped in and spent an evening with them; but as he was a young man of fine education and fine principles, he did not become much interested in either of the young ladies. Still, as time frequently hung heavy on his hands, and he was fond of cultivating the social feelings, he continued to drop in pretty regularly.

It so happened that he called in one evening when both of the girls were out. He was shown up-stairs into the parlor by the black servant, who either did not know or care anything about the girls not being in, and who went back direct to the kitchen, without taking the trouble to make any inquiries. Anne, who of course never went into the parlor when there was company there, and rarely at other times, was, on this evening, sitting there alone at the centre-table reading. She rose at the entrance of Illerton, who, surprised and delighted at seeing so sweet a face, though that of a stranger, begged her to be seated. With easy politeness she resumed her chair, remarking, at the same time, that she was sorry to tell him that the young ladies had gone out for the evening.

There was something in the face of Anne that charmed Illerton the moment he saw her, and her low voice, that trembled slightly, sounded to him more musical than any voice he had ever heard. For some time he endeavored to draw her into conversation, but although every reply she made charmed him more and more, he could not succeed in getting her to converse freely. Her reserve he easily understood to be the natural maiden reserve of a pure-minded woman toward a perfect stranger. Illerton was a man who readily understood character, and rarely came to false conclusions in reference to any one. After sitting for nearly half an hour, much longer than his own sense of propriety told him he ought to have lingered in her company, under the circumstances, he rose to depart.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for having so long, being altogether a stranger, intruded upon your company. My only excuse is, that I have been interested."

"It is no intrusion upon me, sir," replied Anne; "and if, in the absence of the young ladies, I have succeeded in making your call a pleasant one, I can only be gratified."

"You must pardon me another act of presumption," said Mr. Illerton, smiling; "I did not know that you resided, as you have intimated, in this family. May I beg to know your name?"

"My name is Anne Earnest," she replied, modestly, while a slight blush deepened the color on her cheek.

"I must again beg pardon for this seeming rudeness," he said, and bowing low, he bade her good-evening, and withdrew.

Illerton could only suffer a single evening to pass before again calling. On entering the parlor, this

time, his eye glanced rapidly around, but none were present save Gertrude and Geneva, who received him with all the interesting airs and graces they could put on. But in vain did they talk and sing and thrum the piano for his especial edification. He could not feel the smallest interest in them.

"How sorry I was that we were not at home when you called last," said Geneva, during a flagging pause in the conversation. "We were so disappointed when we learned that you had been here."

"But you left me an agreeable companion to compensate for your absence," he replied, in a livelier tone. "Why, you never told me that a Miss Earnest was staying with you. Where does she keep herself? I should really like to see her, and apologize for my rudeness in spending half an hour with her, although a perfect stranger."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Geneva, "that is a good one! Why, she's only a girl that ma hires to sew. How could you have been so deceived? I shall have to tell ma to keep her out of the parlor, the forward minx! I am mortified, though, indeed, Mr. Illerton, that one of our hirelings should have pushed herself into your company. But it shall never happen again."

To this speech Illerton was at a perfect loss for a reply. He had often heard of accomplished virtue in obscurity. Here was an instance, he could not doubt, for he could not believe himself mistaken in his impressions. Every movement, every word, every varying expression of Anne's countenance, he remembered, as distinctly as if she were still sitting before him; and the remembrance only added to his admiration. He felt indignant at hearing her designated, sneeringly, as the hireling of girls who were in everything her inferiors. But he did not, of course, give form to his thoughts; he merely said, "Don't check her, or speak unkindly to her, on my account; for, I assure you, she acted with modesty and propriety. She was reading in the parlor when I entered, and rose to go out, I suppose, when I insisted upon her being seated. It was my fault, not hers."

"But it's annoying to have sewing-girls pushing themselves in the way of gentlemen who visit here. We must, hereafter, insist upon her keeping in her own room," said Gertrude, rather warmly.

Illerton was constrained to oppose this unfeeling resolution, but he forced himself to be silent, and soon after took his leave.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" exclaimed Geneva, as the front-door closed after him.

"I'm mortified to death!" responded Gertrude.

"The pert, forward huzzy!" ejaculated Geneva.

"If ever she tries such a trick as that again, she walks out of this house in a jiffy!" added Gertrude.

"What an idea! An agreeable half-hour spent with our hired girl!" broke in Geneva.

"I expect he's mortified to death; and I'm afraid he'll not come any more. How could you laugh right out so, when he mentioned Anne?" said Gertrude.

"Because I couldn't help it; it was such a queer joke."

"Well, I can tell you, it was very rude," replied Gertrude, warmly, whose fears were a good deal excited at the bare idea of losing Illerton, as a beau, through the indiscretion of her sister in laughing at him.

"Fiddlestick! Your notions of propriety have grown very nice, all at once!" responded Geneva.

"I wish your's were a little nicer, that's all I've got to say," rejoined Gertrude.

"Well, I can tell you, miss, that I know what is right and proper as well as you do," replied Geneva, tartly, "and have no notion of being called to account by you. So you may just shut up!"

"I'll call you to an account whenever I please, Miss Touchy?" said Gertrude, growing more excited. "You are a rude, forward girl, let me tell you!—and have driven more company from the house than your neck's worth, so you have! I'll complain to ma, so I will!" she continued, more passionately.

"Will you, indeed? ah—that will be interesting," said Geneva, with a sneering laugh.

"Come! come! What's the matter here, now?" broke in Mrs. Hardamer, who had been attracted from the next room, by the loud voices of her daughters.

"Why, you see"—began Gertrude; but she was interrupted by Geneva, before she could utter another syllable, with—"It's no such thing, ma, it was—"

"It was!"—broke in Gertrude.

"It wa'n't no such thing, now," said Geneva.

"Both of you hush up at once!" said the mother.

"But, ma—"

"Listen to me, ma,"

"Don't I tell you to hush!"

"It was all Anne's fault, ma," said Geneva, not at all inclined to obey the maternal injunction of silence.

"What about Anne?" asked Mrs. Hardamer.

"Why, you wouldn't 'a' thought it, ma," continued Geneva, "but it's as true as death! Night before last, when Mr. Illerton called here, Anne was stuck up in the parlor, and the forward thing had the boldness to keep him there for half an hour or so, talking to her, just as if she was somebody. And here, this evening, he must ask for Miss Earnest! I was so much amused that I laughed right out, and told him that she was only our hired sewing-girl. And Gertrude is mad because I laughed."

"Is it possible that Anne was guilty of such unpardonable presumption?"

"Yes, it is so! Because Genevieve chooses to make a companion of her, she thinks she is as good as we are. But I can tell her, that she's mightily mistaken!"

"The pert, forward huzzy!" ejaculated Mrs. Hardamer, with a strong expression of disgust at the idea of one of her hirelings sitting up to entertain her daughters' company.

"Ring the bell for Millie!" she said, and Geneva rang the parlor bell.

"Tell Anne to come here," she said, on the appearance of the black girl.

In a few minutes Anne attended the summons.

"You are a nice young lady, now, ain't you?" said Mrs. Hardamer, as she entered, the face of the latter red with passion.

Anne looked at her with an expression of surprise, and Mrs. Hardamer continued: "A pretty young lady, truly!"

"I do not understand you, madam," said Anne, in painful surprise. "Be kind enough to say, in what I have offended you."

"Pretty bold, too!—upon my word! Do you know who you are talking to, miss?"

"I am not conscious of having done anything wrong, Mrs. Hardamer, and only asked you to tell me in what I had offended you," said Anne, in a respectful voice, though her lips quivered, and her face had grown exceeding pale.

"Did any one ever see such assurance!" exclaimed Geneva.

"What can this mean!" said Anne, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Mighty ignorant!" said Gertrude.

"I must insist on an explanation," said Anne, more firmly, brushing away two drops that had stolen over their boundaries, and were gently gliding down her pale cheeks.

"Insist on an explanation!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in supreme astonishment at Anne's insolence. "Insist on an explanation from me! Do you know who you are talking to, miss?"

"I'd turn her out of the house, bag and baggage, so I would!" said Gertrude.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot suffer myself to be talked to in this way," said Anne, calmly, "at the same time that I am innocent of having done anything wrong," and she turned to leave the room.

"How dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in a loud voice, stamping on the floor with her foot. "Come back here this minute!"

Anne paused, and half turned herself toward her, when Gertrude said in a sneering tone—"She's got quite above herself since Mr. Illerton spoke to her."

Anne turned and advanced a few steps toward them, her face suffused with a deep crimson.

"You understand, now, I suppose, Miss Impertinence!" said Mrs. Hardamer. "How dare you stick yourself up in the parlor to talk to young men that come here? What good do you suppose they want with you?"

"Is that all I have done to offend you, Mrs. Hardamer?" said Anne, breathing more freely.

"And I should think that was enough, in all conscience!"

"But, Mrs. Hardamer, I didn't throw myself into his company. He came into the parlor where I was reading, and I at once told him the young ladies were out. If he would sit down and talk to me, how

could I help it? I could not have acted so rudely as to have left him alone."

"Now that is too much!" broke in Gertrude. "And so you evened yourself with us, and set yourself up to entertain our company! Give me patience! I wouldn't allow her to stay in the house another day, if I was you, ma! Who's a-going to come here, if our hired girls stick themselves up to keep their company. Mr. Illerton was mortified to death, when he discovered his mistake, and I shouldn't blame him, if he never came to the house again."

"If ever you dare to play off such another trick, my young lady, it'll be your last day here, remember that, now!" said Mrs. Hardamer.

Anne made no answer, but turned and left the room.

"High-pop-a-lorum!" ejaculated Millie to herself, as she retreated, silently, from the outside of the door, in the passage, where she had stood, listening to the whole conversation.

"Things have come to a pretty pass, truly!" said Geneva, when Anne had left the room, "that every hired girl must set herself up for somebody. There'll be no living here after awhile. I wish we were in England, where servants know their places."

"The fact is, ma," said Gertrude, who felt strongly incensed at Anne, for having passed an evening with Illerton, on whom she had designs best known to herself, "if I were you, I wouldn't keep her in the house. She'll bring discredit upon us. I don't believe she's any better than she should be, and her conduct in this thing has proved it. I'd pack her off to-morrow, so I would!"

(To be continued.)

### SAVED BY A HORSE.

LET any man who ever struck a faithful horse in anger read this true story and be ashamed of himself:—

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as nearly to blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses—a gray pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "if any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him

loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say; "Come on, boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack.

### BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

EDITH W. KENT.

ABOVE the clouds the stars are *always* shining!—  
This precious thought is beautiful to me;  
For, how'er dark and chill the night may lower,  
I know they're there, although I cannot see.

And even thus 'tis with our lives, divining  
In tenderest love, all that may us betide,  
(Tho' hidden, oft, by clouds of doubt and sorrow),  
The Blessed One e'er lingers by our side.

Our Father sees our childish arms entwining  
Earth's vain supports that, soon or late, must fail;  
In tender love He shattereth those idols—  
He teacheth us how vain they were—how frail!

For He would have us trust His love, resigning  
All that our hearts and Him might come between;  
Christ is the one and only *sure* foundation,  
And His the only arm on which to lean.

As fierce and hot must be the fire refining  
The precious ore—which proves the worthless dross,  
So shall thy soul, however great thy trial,  
If trusting God, win good—not suffer loss.

When all seems dark, He then the "silver lining,"  
Of clouds which shade our life, would have us see;  
The "stars" are there—God's love and sovereign mercy—  
*Beyond the clouds some good for you and me.*

Let us look up and cease all vain repining,  
In faith press on—He will the clouds divide;  
And we, beyond life's sorrows, pain and turmoil,  
Find endless joy upon "the other side."

Or all passions, there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger; other passions solicit and mislead us, but this runs away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as to another's ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, or death; it allows a man neither time nor means for defence, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits of no mediation; it spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual state of war.



## ONE OF MANY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I STOOD beside the loom of a poor woman who took in weaving.

It was cold and cheerless—an old shawl was pinned about her head and neck; there was no fire among the scattered gray ashes that lay on the hearth. Everything looked desolate, and the very crown of this utter desolation was centred in a worn knapsack and haversack that hung in the corner of the room above the poor woman's head. They hung so that every time she went round to the back part of the loom to the yarn-beam, to fix and loosen the threads and thrud them through her fingers, her gaze would fall on them.

That was what she wanted, and why she hung them there.

I could not open the old wound in her heart by asking about them; I knew a little of the story, and this was what I knew: that their son, a boy of seventeen, had enlisted against the will of his parents, and that it almost broke their hearts to part with him. While his regiment lay in Kentucky, the boy, Hezekiah, was shot dead one night, a sentinel on duty.

My Brother Dick was in the same regiment, and he wrote home immediately, and told us to break the intelligence to the family as best we could.

My father took the letter, and with a sad heart started over the wooded hill, the shortest way to their home. When he came in sight of the house his heart misgave him. The father was out ploughing; the door and windows were open, and the sound of the poor mother's loom blended with the song of the sister, as she sat sewing on the door-sill, and the laughter of the little ones swinging in the beech above the spring. This was too much for my father, and he sat down among the dry leaves, powerless to do the sad errand.

A neighbor was hauling wood near by, and father asked him to be the bearer of the sorrowful intelligence; he demurred, but at length consented, and hitching his team he went over to where the doomed man was ploughing. The two stood still in conversation, then their heads bowed—a moment more, and the neighbor returned to his team. In a blind, dazed way, the father took up the lines, gave them a jerk, looked up at the sky, stared all around him, and then bethought himself that he was ploughing. The plough lay on its side dragging and making scratchy marks in the green sward. He took hold of one handle—he didn't place the point down into the thick sod, and the horses walked on in an aimless way.

The poor man! He went round that field, the plough lying on its side half the time—the horses in the furrow, or out of it, just as it happened. Sometimes he rubbed his forehead in a dazed, bewildered way, looking up at the sky, then away to the eastern

hills, bathed in all the glory of a beautiful summer morning's sunlight—a shine that fell like the sifting of gold-dust. To him I doubt not that glorious warm sky was as brass above him.

After he had gone around the field, and started on again, never heeding the nice turn of a corner, he paused, the lines fell from his hands, and he turned his steps toward the house. Instead of climbing where the fence was low and the rails smooth, he went into a steep corner, full of bristling nettles and thistles, and clambered over the highest rails. There was no spring in his step when he came to the ground—he blundered through the wood-yard, and fumbled long at the gate-latch, and then his unsteady step was on the porch, and out of sight of the tearful eyes that watched him agonizingly.

A moment it was before the clacking shuttle lost a note out of its monotonous work-a-day song—then it stopped—it fell to the floor; there was a crash of something falling, a chair, perhaps, or the loom-bench, or the mother. A shriek—another—and another; then the singing in the doorway was hushed, changed to wailing; the swing in the beech was left swaying alone and unoccupied, and the cries of the sorrowing family rose upon the still morning air.

The most pitiful cry in the world—a man's cry, it was—then broke forth for the first time, mingled with the mother's and daughter's and the little ones'.

My neighbor, who told me this, said: "Oh, I knew not how soon my turn would come! My beloved boys were as dear to me as her boy was to her and to them. I couldn't stand it to witness such grief, and I ran to my bed-room and buried my face among the pillows."

The team stood in the broken furrow for hours, and the plough lay on its side until the yellow rust gathered on its polished share.

Oh, hearts that have been rent with a like anguish, you know your own bitterness! God pity you—your tears have fallen like rain, and this broken sketch will open your wounds anew. There are no sadder pages in your life-book than these, no more poignant sorrow than you suffered at that time.

You will understand the sympathy that wells out of my heart for all sorrow-stricken mothers, when I look upon the knapsack and haversack so tenderly kept and cared for by that bereft woman. That touches me as no other expression of sorrow could.

If any one speak evil of you, flee home to your own conscience, and examine your heart; if you be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction; make use of both; so shall you distil honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy make a secret friend.



# RELIGIOUS READING.

## CARE FOR TO-MORROW.

BY REV. JAMES REED.

"THE Kingdom of God and His righteousness" should be first in every affection, thought and action. That is to say, we should have primary regard to them in all things. No duty of life is so common or trivial that we may not rightly ask how the Lord's will can be most fully done in its performance. As far as the highest and best things really hold the chief place within us, all lower and more external matters become subordinate and secondary. We may not, nor should we, be indifferent to them; but our happiness is not dependent on them. They are the accessories of our life—something added to it—but not our life itself.

In such a state of mind as this, no one can be anxious about the future. Hence, in the phrase, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow," there is a peculiar significance in the word "therefore," which refers back to the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Because the Lord provides perfectly for all our needs, and in a state of heavenly order we clearly see and feel that this is so, therefore every troubled thought about the future is out of place. Instead of it should be unchanging trust in Him who holds in His hands the issues of time and eternity.

Nothing is more natural for man than to worry and fret, and indulge in gloomy forebodings about the future. Even though all is going well in the present, and our whole past life has teemed with blessings, yet when we look forward we are too often filled with doubts and fears. The events of the future are, of course, unknown to us; and we anxiously ask ourselves, How is *this* going to be? or, How is *that* going to be? or, What shall we do or say in such or such a case?—just as if the goodness and wisdom which had watched over and helped us in the days gone by would be found wanting in the time to come. The trouble which we thus borrow is not only needless but sinful, for it is born of the spirit of mistrust. To him who yields to such misgivings the Lord cannot be a near and ever-present God. He must seem like one afar off, even like Baal, of whom Elijah said, "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked." The loving Father who notes the sparrow's fall, and numbers the very hairs of our heads, is a wholly different Being. Where He is the object of contemplation and worship, there can be no occasion for doubt and trembling in any of the circumstances which surround us.

Anxious anticipation always proves itself as groundless as it is painful. It is always in some manner or degree falsified by the reality. The event does not take place according to expectation, or it is modified by unlooked-for occurrences, or more certainly when it comes the strength is given us to meet it. If we but "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him," He will show us on the morrow how to do the morrow's work.

But the morrow will then be to-day. This, then, is the conclusion to which we are brought by experience as well as by doctrine: that life is best spent in doing faithfully the duties of each day as they arise, whatever they may be; and that while the morrow need not be banished from

our thoughts, it is foolish and unchristian to indulge in dreamy speculations about it, still more, to conjure up spectres in connection with it which do not now, and in all likelihood never will, have any substantial existence.

It is a beautiful and unvarying law of Providence that, if we look to the Lord for help and guidance, the power is always given to cope with the difficulties, and to perform the duties of the present moment. We can always see far enough in advance to enable us to take the next step. It is only when we try to anticipate some future condition or circumstance that the way becomes wholly dark and dubious. Divine Providence does not give us light and strength for dealing with events which are not yet present with us. But as we draw near to them, we can see them clearly, and have a power to meet them which surpasses all previous expectation. Truly the morrow takes thought for the things of itself.

One inevitable event which is often looked forward to with dread is the process of leaving this world. But how unprofitable it is to dwell on it with anxious forebodings. When the time comes for us to go, the way will be made as clear and easy as it is in any other work which we have to do. Angels draw near with the influences of peace to withdraw the spirit from the body, and all the shades of doubt and dread are chased away. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

There is but one thing about which it is allowable that we should feel any deep anxiety, and that is the evils of our own heart and life. If these never cause us any painful reflections, we may well doubt whether we are making progress on the way to Heaven. But even with respect to these, we should not let our anxiety carry us too far. The remembrance of our past life, and the consciousness of our sinful states, should not be suffered to paralyze our efforts. Above all, they should not be permitted to extinguish the hope which is always held out by a kind Providence to every sinner that repenteth.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

HE who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

NEITHER the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

MAN's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

IT never was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

THERE are men, who by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

"THIS little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding with his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"COME, Charlie, here is something good for you in this spoon; it will cure your head and make you well again—that's a little man! he likes good sweet things!" and Charlie's mother held the spoon so that he could not see its contents—a jalap mixture, bitter and nauseating.

"Is it nasty, ma?" whined the sick child.

"No, dear, it's good and sweet; I made it purposely for you. Now, take it, love, for ma—go 'way, ugly Annie, you sha'n't have my Charlie's good things! Go right away, you bad girl! Here, take it quick, 'fore somebody else comes and gets it. Be ma's little man, and when he gets well he shall ride in grandpa's new carriage with the soft cushions in it," and while he looked fully in her eyes, she slipped her hand under his back and raised him up, and thrust the spoon between his clattering teeth.

As soon as he tasted the vile mixture, and knew that he had been deceived, he strangled, and struggled, and whooped, and cut the air with arms and legs, and sputtered some of the bitter dose over his pillow. She seized him by the little nose, and caught his limbs in their frantic gyrations, and held him down by main force and made him swallow some of the medicine.

"What made you tell me a lie, ma?" he said, as he lay tired and panting after the struggle, his eyelashes wet with tears. "You said it was good and sweet, and it wasn't—it was, oh, so nasty!" and he shuddered all over, and his lips quivered. "You might have told me it was bad! I don't like you very well, ma!" and the poor little child was grieved beyond utterance.

"Oh, I wanted to make you well again, dear," she said, apologetically; "I don't want my little Tarty to be sick; you're all the company I have. I miss you so, little sick darling!" and she kissed the wan face that cuddled closer to her own.

But it was vain, all this glaze of soft words; the child's confidence in his mother was already shaken; she had deceived him; and in doing that, she had fallen from the high place in which a child enshrines a true and loving mother. No after words or deeds could place her again where she had once stood.

Charlie's father had given him money at different times, which his mother had put up on the highest shelf of the cupboard in a large goblet. One day Charlie wanted to see his money; his mother told him he might lose it, that it was safer there; but the child cried, and insisted; and at last, worried and impatient, she took down the goblet, and—found it empty.

"Why, Charlie, your money is gone—gone—but I know where it went—the naughty mice have gotten into the cupboard and eaten your money! Oh, that's too bad!"

"Do you think they did eat it, ma?—do you?" said he, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"Yes; and I'll set a trap for 'em 'way up in the cupboard, and we'll catch the naughty mice," said she.

We don't know whether Charlie believed her or not—we doubt it; the mother who tries to deceive her child runs a great risk of being found out, or distrusted, which is even worse.

And, like half the children in our homes, this was the

way Charlie was brought up. When he was fifteen years old, his parents shielded him in all wrong-doing that he committed, such as stealing apples, or melons, or peaches, or in lying or cheating, or doing "sharp" things in which he outwitted or overreached or deceived his associates; he always found a ready ally in his weak mother. They winked at his errors and were blind to his faults, and they were fast reaping the fruits of the seed they had sown so early.

So the sweet-faced, pretty boy grew up in idle ways, a victim to bad habits. And now, in his mother's widowhood, and in the years of his young manhood, her eyes have opened, the scales have fallen from them, and it is too late; she, bereft and alone, must reap the whirlwind.

One day last week he was arrested for burglary, and unless some one will come forward and bail him, the penalty of the law must be enforced.

As I was washing dishes last Saturday evening, my thoughts intent on Charlie all the time, I began to think that perhaps I had not done all my duty toward him. I couldn't quit thinking about it. I was so troubled and impressed, that I put on my bonnet and ran right down to Charlie's home. The mother met me with a cold, hard, questioning look in her gray eyes; their expression said as plain as speech, "What are you here for?" I dropped into a chair unasked, while she stood before me.

"I ran down to condole with you about Charlie," I said, bravely; and just then my heart sank within me, a vision of long ago seemed to come up before me. I saw the dear child, the Charlie of years ago, in his little delaine cloak and jaunty cap, and his round, clean, sweet face, with clear blue eyes and heavy lashes, just as he used to be when he sat in our table chair, and with a little spoon ate of "auntie's good dinners." With this vision before me, I cried right out good and loud; I couldn't help it; I wailed like an Irish banshee. I had not cried before; had not thought of it; hadn't it in my programme at all; and it broke in on my plans sadly. I tried, but couldn't quit crying. I looked up; she stood before me picking her teeth as coolly as a brigand.

"Oh, don't mind Charlie—I don't any more; he don't believe me, or heed me, or take my advice at all, and now he must take the consequences. I don't fret about him; it will do no good."

"But you know," said I, "that a mother's sharpest sorrow in this life comes to her through her children; no other sorrow is half so bitter, so poignant as this," and I looked into her face.

Such a face as I saw! I shall never forget it. I wish it had not been a mother's; or, being a mother's face, that it had been masked. It seemed as if it were turning to stone—pained, and hopeless, and hard.

She turned to go back to her supper, coolly saying: "Save your tears and your words; don't mind Charlie; it's no use now, it's too late. I am not troubled; I've put him out of my heart;" and that poor mother, hard as though stricken into granite, turned away and left me, and I soon heard the cheerful clink of cutlery on her plate in the dining-room.

I did not feel insulted or hurt at her coolness; I pitied her; she felt that I intruded upon her, that I had ventured boldly into the most sacred chamber of her heart,

and she had shut the door in my tear-wet face. I cried all the way home; I wept unavailing tears, because of the dwarfed and blighted lives all over the world.

How many mothers there are who sow the wind, as did this poor one, in their children's babyhood—begin by deceiving them and making them lose confidence in this one above all others.

If a child loses faith in the mother, if it sees her come down from the pure, white, exalted heights where it had enthroned her, and be human, and fallible, and irascible, and full of faults, then the sceptre will have fallen from her hands forever.

Her voice should never be sharpened with anger, or loud or rasping, her face never distorted with rage, her words truthful, her mien gracious and gentle, her rule the rule of love; she should always be shined in their memory as one set apart, above all others, consecrated, immaculate, "OUR MOTHER."

## HOW TO KEEP CHILDREN OUT OF MISCHIEF.

**T**HE *Herald of Health*, in answer to a query, says "The surest and easiest way to keep children, and grown folks, too, for that matter, out of mischief, is to keep them busy. The trouble is, that babies begin to throw out the hands and feet after things within reach, and we begin by saying, 'No!' and holding them back; and by and by, when the little ones get out of our arms, and we say, 'No, no!' they turn faster than we can follow them to something else; only to be again reproved, until they are glad to get out of our sight and find vent for their activity in liberty.

"Begin rather by supplying the out-reaching fingers, and as the desires develop and enlarge, keep the busy brain and body interested in harmless ways, and there will be little cause to fear that they will go far astray.

## MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY POLLY HAWTHORNE.

**I**N company, some time since, the conversation turned on the case of a young man who had met with a serious accident while intoxicated.

Various exclamations passed around the circle, till one lady said: "And his mother, how I do pity her!"

"I cannot say that I do," said a young man present.

Of course every one was astonished, and the lady turned to him and said; "You?—Not pity his mother?"

"I can't say that I do," he replied, "for I hold her responsible for it."

"Mrs. M.—responsible for what her son does?" queried the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so," he answered; "she should have trained him differently."

"You do not think mothers can make just such men as they wish of their sons?" said the lady.

"Perhaps not," said he; "but I know they can teach them to love virtue and to shun vice of every kind."

"But you forget," I said, "how many influences beside the mother's act on children, especially those raised, like Mrs. M.—s, in a town."

"No, ma'am," said he, "I do not forget; I know these things better than you can; but it does not change my views."

"I know," said a gentleman, "there is but one way to

do anything with children, and that is to bear down on them all the time, from their very cradles up."

"I do not know," said the young man; "I don't know what fathers might do, but I know mothers can, by constant watching, by judiciously and continually repressing the tendency to evil and encouraging the good, train their sons to hate evil and to love good in their own lives."

That conversation has haunted me ever since, with its assertions and suggestions. Are mothers morally responsible for the lives of their children—and how far? How many of us to-day would be willing to see all the bearings of our lives reproduced in our children?

We know that there are unnumbered influences besides our own acting on them continually. Can we by our teachings cause all these influences to work for good to them, or else fall harmlessly away?

As I bewilder myself with these questions, a voice comes echoing down through the ages: "Oh, ye of little faith, why will ye doubt?" And, "I can do all things through Christ's helping me."

Mothers, let us see to it, by the help of God, that there is nothing in our lives that we may fear for them to copy, and then let us commit them to His care with a faith that will not doubt.

## WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. A. FURNALD.

**G**UIDING the little footsteps  
Where only daisies blow;  
Striving to hold the roses back,  
Because of the thorns below;  
Longing to span the future,  
Placing a mother's care  
Over life's paths, where thorns lie hid  
Under the flowers fair.

Combing the flowing tresses  
Back from a little face,  
Thinking of all the strength we need,  
And of the needed grace;  
To smooth each dry the tangles  
Out of the light-brown hair,  
To keep as well all sorrow and sin  
From marring a life so fair.

Flecking the milk so creamy  
With snowy bits of bread;  
Stillling the murmur of rosy lips  
So eager to be fed;  
Thinking of Him who casteth  
Into our empty hands,  
Bidding us feed His little ones  
By teaching His dear commands.

Keeping the house in order,  
And, ere the shadows come,  
Hasting the snowy cloth to spread  
To welcome loved ones home;  
Thinking of woman's mission,  
Nor caring to change her sphere,  
Knowing the highest, the holiest work  
Is given to woman here.

In general these parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## THE OTTER.

BY E. B. D.

**T**HE otter is a fisher by trade, or perhaps I should say by birth, as he never has to serve any apprenticeship at the business. No man can equal him fishing, no matter how well he may be rigged out with the best of rods and lines, and fancy flies. The otter would laugh, if he knew how, at any such bungling contrivances. He does not have to sit on the bank and wait patiently for the fish to come to him and give a nibble at his bait. Instead of that, he dives into the water, and using his long, tapering tail for a rudder, and his webbed feet for paddles, away he goes after the fish he has made up his mind to

into the nets, and sometimes bring up the larger fish with their teeth.

I have read of numerous anecdotes of tame otters. A man named Collins, living in England, had a tame otter which followed him wherever he went. Mr. Collins used frequently to take the otter to the river and let him fish for himself; and when his appetite was satisfied, he never failed to come back to his master. One day Mr. Collins's son took him out instead, when he refused to come back at the accustomed call. Mr. Collins searched for several days, and was about to give him up for lost, when he finally came at the call of his name, and creeping about his master's feet, showed great affection for him.



breakfast on. Off darts the fish for dear life, up the stream, down the stream, into holes, under rocks, and behind and among reeds and rushes, and close after him keeps the otter, never stopping to come to the surface to breathe, and never giving his intended victim a moment's rest. At last the fish is tired out, and the otter easily catches it, and carrying it to his den, which is usually close to the water, eats it at his leisure, and then goes after another. It will catch and eat eight or ten fish for a single meal. At this rate it does not take long for a pair of otters with a tolerably large family to provide for, to use up all the fish of a pond or stream.

Otters are sometimes caught and tamed, and used to help in catching fish. They are taught to drive the fish

Dogs are frequently taught to catch otters. Still, when they are brought up together they live on friendly terms.

The otter wears an under-vest of short, close, water-proof wool, to protect him from the wet in his fishing excursions. Over this he has a coat of long, coarse, glossy hair. He generally remains in his burrow—which is near the water's edge, and is carried deep down into the bank—during the day, and roams about at night.

This animal used to be abundant in England and Scotland, and is still occasionally found in those countries, especially in the northern portions of Scotland. One species is also found in the northern portion of North America near the Arctic Sea.



# THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"Oh, mamma! Just see this picture!" cried Annie May as she sat turning the leaves of a new book. "Here's a pussy-cat pulling a lady's dress. What is she doing?"

Mrs. May took the book, and after reading a page, said:

"Why, this is wonderful! The pussy-cat you see in the picture saved a baby's life."

"Why, mamma! Saved a baby's life? Tell me about it."

"The book says it is a true story, and was told to the writer by one who saw it," replied Mrs. May. "A lady was sitting by the fire, when her cat came running into the room in a hurried, distressed kind of way, and looking up into her face, began

to mew piteously. At first the lady, being busy with her work, paid no attention to the cat, but the animal would not be put off. She continued her piteous cries, run-

ning to the door and then back again to the lady, showing more and more distress. At last the cat stretched out one of her claws and pulled her mistress by the apron.

"The lady, beginning to feel alarmed at this strange conduct, started up, when the cat ran before her into a small wash-house. And what do you think she found?"

"What, mamma?" asked her eager listener.

"Why, her own two-year-old little boy in a tub of water, and nearly drowned. The cat had saved the baby!"

"Oh! What a dear good cat!" exclaimed Annie.

"Yes; I think you may well say a dear good cat," answered her mother. "If it had been a dog, we should not wonder so much,

but for a cat to do a thing like this is strange indeed, for cats do not usually show much affection or intelligence."



## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### THE OLD COAT.

"SHADE of Pipissaway Potts! tell me what to do with this old coat," said Ababelle, turning over the garment with considerable snap.

"You girls will get to be profane over Pipsey, yet," said Tom, who sat reading the last HOME MAGAZINE by the east window.

"Call over the alphabet," said mischievous Maud, as she gave three sly raps under the table.

"That's too slow a process," said Belle. "I want some advice right away. I'll leave it to you, Cousin Lucy, if it isn't a great deal easier to make over these old dresses and things on paper than in reality. It sounds very nice, but oh! the practical application is what I dread. It's awful to be poor."

"Yes; but it is awful to be rich, and get so little comfort out of it, as most of the rich people I happen to know, do out of their possessions. Depend upon it, there is more vexation in having a splendid dress made up just a little amiss, and then seeing it outshone the first time it is worn, than there is in making over our old ones into something that pleases us, if it isn't so very fine. Every success of that kind makes me happy, as long as

the article lasts. It is one of the cheapest recipes for happiness, I know. You will own yourself that you always liked that pretty home sacque you have on."

"That is true; and I never grudged the time and trouble it cost me—after it was done, mind you, Lucy."

"I understand," said Lucy, smiling. She well remembered how Belle fretted, and said, "I never can get it out," when the process was going on.

Indeed, I think she was right. She never could without the aid of her patient, painstaking cousin, who planned and pieced so cheerfully.

It was a good thing for Belle that Lucy happened to be around in the present emergency, and that she had the skill to pin on a newspaper to her own handsomely-fitting coat, making pin pricks all along the seams, so that a pattern could easily be cut from it.

"That is half the battle," said Lucy, as she laid down the pattern smoothly on the table. "Now, let us take your coat apart and press out the seams."

The two set to work diligently, and soon the pieces were all ready for use. The old sleeves answered very well when newly trimmed, and the coat was soon cut and stitched up on the sewing-machine.

"Belle would have been fretting over that until now," said Maud, "and not even have made a beginning."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Belle, turning herself around before the glass with great satisfaction.

The coat was finished before tea-time, and when Tom took the girls to the concert that evening, Belle had the pleasant consciousness that her coat was as respectable as the other girls' were—a very satisfactory feeling, as any young girl will tell you, and one that added largely to her enjoyment of the music.

#### "BITS OF TALK."

A LITTLE book, by H. H., with the above title, has recently appeared, which I wish could be read and re-read by every mother, and every father, too, in the land. The articles on "Needless Denials," "The Awkward Age," "Breaking the Will," and "Whipping," are invaluable. So is the "Reign of Archelaus." The book, throughout, has not a shallow idea. It is small—as gems are small. But, if these articles only were well read, pondered, and practised by parents, the little volume would prove a very angel of mercy to the children.

It is from no bias of personal friendship that I write these lines. I do admire and love the author, but I know her only through her writings. I have no interest in the book, other than the intrinsic value of its subject-matter, its bearing on the happiness and lasting welfare of the little ones, and the desire that so faithful and earnest a laborer in humanity's cause should be recognized as she richly merits.

M. O. JOHNSON.

#### DON'T TELL IT.

BY J. E. M'C.

"IT will so vex Harry when I tell him how spitefully John Gray spoke about him," said Mrs. Robbins.

"But why need you tell him? Mr. Gray was angry at the moment, and, I dare say, regretted what he said afterward."

"Why, Lizzie," said the other, "do you keep any secrets from your husband?"

"Indeed, I do. A hundred worrying things, that it would do him no good to know, I lock up in my own bosom. I often think I should like to tell this or that, but it would make him unhappy for nothing, and I will not do it. When I feel it is necessary to tell an unpleasant truth, I try to do it as comfortably as I can, to look on the brightest side possible."

"Well, I must say," said the other, a little puzzled to know how to excuse her own course, which was quite the reverse, "that I think there should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"Yet, I am sure, my dear, you have a great many every day. 'You don't begin to tell all you think.'"

"That is quite another matter. No one tells all his thoughts."

"Then you do draw the line somewhere; you admit you have secrets from your husband." Now, I draw the line at whatever would cause unhappiness needlessly. Of course, when it is necessary to tell an unpleasant fact, I do so; but the hundred little annoyances we women have every day, what good can come of repeating them?"

"Now, I think that is a very absurd plan of yours, Lizzie. There is no reason why he should not share your troubles. It is quite as proper for him to bear the burden as for you to take the whole. It just spoils a man to indulge him so much."

"One fact is worth a dozen arguments," said Lizzie. "We do have a happy home."

There was not the slightest reflection on her friend's home-life, but the other could not but remember that her home was often very far from being a happy one. Her boasted "frankness" did not work so well in practice.

"I have always found," continued Lizzie, "that it paid to make home pleasant. When William returns, worried with his business, I do not harass him with tales of the children's faults, or the girls' shortcomings. I have the room snug and tidy, and something nice on the table, and if there is any good news to tell, or any pleasant circumstance that has happened while he was away, I make a point of bringing it up at tea-time. The result is, we take our meal in peace and comfort. I am certainly happier for seeing him cheerful, and for knowing he appreciates the comfort and rest of home. Depend upon it, my friend, happiness turns on very little hinges. If I were only selfishly seeking my own pleasure, I should try all the same to make home bright for the rest. For, there is nothing that brings so much joy to our own bosoms as the feeling that we have made others happy. The opposite of this proposition is equally true."

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: What has become of our once faithful Uncle Grumbler? For at least two years his voice has not been lifted up in solemn proclamation against the follies of womankind. Have the infirmities and disabilities of his forlorn bachelorhood so fearfully increased as to preclude further attention to the miserable ways of this wicked old world? We certainly cannot "lay the flattering unction to our soul" of having silenced him by saucy replies; for his "last," if we recollect aright, was fulminated against the Grecian bend, and therefore found us silent and approving.

Perhaps he is so well pleased with the present stage of the "woman movement," that he also is "silent and approving." If this be the case, we extend our hand with hearty sympathy. If he has taken to himself a wife, and thus found it necessary to change his former striking and mistaken notions concerning the aims and ways of the "fair sex," he has our sincere congratulations. But, really, in either case, we trust he will once more shed upon us the light of his pensive countenance, and give us the result of his meditative silence.

In this wish, we presume, the other members of the "Home Circle" will join with  
COUSIN JENNIE.

#### INDEPENDENCE OF DAUGHTERS.

IN the ideal household of father and mother and adult children, the one great aim of the parents ought to be to supply, as far as possible, to each child, that freedom and independence which they have missed the opportunity of securing in homes of their own. The loss of this one thing alone is a bitterer drop in the loneliness of many an unmarried woman whose parents, especially fathers, are apt even to dream—food and clothes and lodgings are so exalted in unthinking estimates. To be without them would be distressingly inconvenient, no doubt; but one can have luxurious provision of both, and remain very wretched. Even the body itself cannot thrive if it has no more than these three pottage messes. Freedom to come, go, speak, work, play—in short, to be one's self—is to the body more than meat and gold, and to the soul the whole of life.—From "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.

## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

## ATHIRST.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

THE day had been long and tiresome  
And laden with petty cares;  
And a discontented spirit  
Had crept on me unawares.

And I said to myself at evening  
As I wearily sought my room,  
And, dropping down by the window  
Looked out on the gathering gloom;

Great, ah! great is the labor,  
And small is the pleasure of life!  
With its actual and ideal  
In hopeless discord and strife.

We are here and must bear our burden;  
We are here and must weep or rejoice;  
Existence is forced upon us—  
No chance for refusal or choice—

Made up with hopes to be thwarted,  
With wishes to be denied,  
With yearnings and aspirations  
To be ever unsatisfied!

And oh, the wearisome sameness!  
And oh, the discord and din!  
The contrast of life as we find it,  
And life as we paint it within.

In the grasp of the deadly real  
We struggle, we flutter in vain;  
And our beautiful, mocking ideal  
Brings us but torture and pain.

Why is it? I dropped the curtain,  
I moodily turned to the light,  
And wearily made ready  
To bid the world good-night.

At the last, as is my custom,  
I seated myself, and took  
My little, worn, long-used Bible—  
The old, new, wondrous book.

At first, from the well-known phrases  
Small meaning I seemed to gain,  
But by and by, a strange comfort  
Stole into heart and brain.

Only a few short verses,  
And those oft read before,  
But courage and strength and patience  
Into my soul they bore.

And I laid me down to slumber,  
Feeling that all was right,  
And I always shall think God's angels  
Brought me my dreams that night.

Oh, Book of books! around thee  
Raging doubt, denial and strife!  
What matter? the humble, thirsting soul  
Finds thee the water of life!—*Advance.*

## SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

THE times are all so fearful!  
The heart so full of cares!  
To eyes that question fearful  
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover  
With foot so ghastly soft!  
The soul black midnights cover  
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving;  
For trust is left no stay;  
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,  
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye resistless,  
Decoys from Truth's defence;  
Life's pulse is flagging listless,  
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,  
To shelter and make whole?  
Who lives from sight received  
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;  
Give silent longing room;  
Outgoing flames asunder  
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender  
In safety on the strand;  
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,  
Outspreads the promised land.

*Scribner's Magazine.*

## I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

BY MRS. F. OSGOOD.

I HAVE something sweet to tell you,  
But the secret you must keep;  
And remember, if it isn't right,  
I'm "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,  
When I think your love is mine;  
And I know they are but seeming,  
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you,  
What I can no longer keep,  
We are none of us responsible  
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming,  
Oh, listen with your heart,  
And you shall hear it humming  
So close, 'twill make you start.

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,  
Or mine will widely weep;  
I love you! I adore you! but—  
"I'm talking in my sleep."

## THERE.

BY MARY ALOYSIA FRANCIS.

THE pigeon lights on a friendly roof,  
 North and south through the Russian cities;  
 And the tread of man, and the steed's quick hoof,  
 Spare the bird that the nation pities.  
 East and west if its bright wings bear it,  
 Shelter and food are its boon from all;  
 No cruel hand from its nest may tear it,  
 No brutal touch on its form may fall:  
 Happy the bird, in that land afar,  
 Under the sway of the stately Czar!

In the storied country of Eastern Kings,  
 Where the crescent floats o'er the calm Bosphorus,  
 And the minaret's music at sunset rings  
 The "call to prayer" in a sad, sweet chorus—  
 Far and near through the proud dominion,  
 They hold of all homes that home most blest,  
 That oftener sees the bird's white pinion  
 Flash, in the sunshine, above its nest:  
 And the innocent life is as sacred to all,  
 As it was in Eden before the fall!

Hundreds of years have come and gone,  
 Since, by the Doge Dandolo's order,  
 The tale of that Eastern sceptre won,  
 Flew, with the pigeons, across the border.  
 Yet Venice still links that departed glory  
 To the glory that hers in the present must be;  
 And this is the sweetest and tenderest story  
 Told of the city beside the sea:  
 For there, by the will of the Doge long dead,  
 The birds by thousands are daily fed!

Changing masters has Venice seen,  
 And changing customs have swayed the city;  
 But French or Austrian hearts have been  
 Responsive to long-descended pity.  
 When "two" on the bell of St. Mark's is ringing,  
 The grain still falls from a civic hand,  
 And there are the pigeons, cooing and singing—  
 Grateful guests of a graceful land:  
 Since this world was a world of pain, I ween,  
 Never a fairer sight was seen!

—Our Dumb Animals.

## TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS.

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump,  
 From whence the sparkling water burst,  
 And drank with eager joy the draught  
 That kindly quenched his raging thirst;  
 Then gracefully he touched his cap—  
 "I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,  
 "For this nice drink you've given me!"  
 (This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,  
 You're welcome to what I have done;  
 But I am not the one to thank,  
 I only help the Water run."  
 "Oh, then," the little fellow said  
 (Polite he always meant to be),  
 "Cold Water, please accept my thanks,  
 You have been very kind to me."

"Ah," said Cold Water, "don't thank me;  
 Far up the hill-side lives the Spring  
 That sends me forth with generous hand  
 To gladden every living thing."  
 "I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy;  
 And gracefully he bowed his head;  
 "Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"  
 The Spring with silvery accents said—

"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I  
 Without the Dew and Summer Rain?  
 Without their aid I ne'er could quench  
 Your thirst, my little boy, again."  
 "Oh, well, then!" said the little boy,  
 "I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."  
 "Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun  
 We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks  
 For all that you have done for me."  
 "Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,  
 "My little fellow, don't thank me;  
 'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores  
 I drew this draught I gave to thee."  
 "Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.  
 It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me, but unto Him.  
 Who formed the depths in which I lie;  
 Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,  
 To Him who will thy wants supply."  
 The boy took off his cap, and said,  
 In tones so gentle and subdued,  
 "Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift—  
 Thou art the giver of all good."

## I DIDN'T KNOW.

HE gave me a knife one day at school,  
 Four-bladed, the handle of pearl;  
 And great black words on the wrapper said,  
 "For the darliogest little girl."  
 I was glad! Oh, yes, yet the crimson blood  
 To my young cheek came and went,  
 And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,  
 But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,  
 For the snow was falling fast;  
 I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,  
 And he got me on at last.  
 Laughing and chatting in merry glee,  
 To my home his course he bent;  
 And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,  
 But I didn't know what it meant.

Ten years passed on, and they touched his eye  
 With a shadow of deeper blue;  
 They gave to his form a manlier grace—  
 To his cheek a swarthier hue.  
 We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,  
 When the day was almost spent,  
 His whispers were soft as the lullabys;  
 And—now I know what it meant!



## A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

NO ONE can pursue solid learning and frivolous pleasure at once.

THE best way to condemn bad traits, is by practising good ones.

LOVE is a weapon that will conquer men when all other weapons fail.

A LIFE of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

THE reproaches of a friend should be strictly just, and not too frequent.

THOSE are never likely to come to good that are undutiful to their parents.

EARLY religion lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

FEW boys are born with talents that excel; but all are capable of living well.

THERE is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word.

THE rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks and the best man his failings.

THERE cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

WHOEVER hates his brother, or sister, is a murderer; for he will be one if he have an opportunity.

THERE are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs and even a lying silence.

AS THERE is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits.

A READING people will become a thinking people, and then they are capable of becoming a rational and a great people.

IT is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he has done, compared with what he might have done.

NATURE makes us poor only when we lack necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

YOUNG persons have need of strong reins; they are sometimes hard to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside and apt to be deceived.

WISE men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and brutes by nature.

WHATEVER situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it.

HASTY words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

THERE is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt when they have nothing to bear.

I LOOK upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

## SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"PETE," said his mother, "are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No, mem. Them sweetmeats is into me."

A CHAP from the country on being handed, by the hotel waiter, a bill of fare, told him that he would defer reading it until after dinner.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A "heavy charger," we suppose.

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

A CHARMING young lady, who attends evening church service regularly, is called "the vesper belle" by the distracted youths of the parish.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

THE following act was passed, some years ago, by the Pennsylvania Assembly: "The State-House Yard shall be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure forever."

A CERTAIN radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his opinion that if they could have their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth.

A SAUCY young fellow sitting at table opposite the learned John Scot, asked him what difference there was between Scot and Sot. "Just the width of this table," answered the other.

A GENERAL, at the point of death, opened his eyes and seeing three doctors standing by his bedside, said, faintly: "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me," and immediately expired.

A YOUNG lady, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

"Oh," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but, as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right next time."

WHEN the regulations of the West-Boston Bridge proprietors were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section read thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided it does not fall on Sunday."

LORD NELSON, when a boy, being on a visit at his aunt's, went hunting one day and did not return until after dark. The good lady, much alarmed, scolded him severely, and said: "I wonder fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy, "I don't know him."

AN enterprising Edinburgh tradesman once advertised his goods in the following terms:

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots wham Bruce has often led,  
If you want a graceful head,  
Gang to Box the hatter.

AN elderly gentleman, who was rather fond of his glass, complained, in the presence of a Quaker, that his eyes were inflamed and weak, and that spectacles didn't seem to do him any good. "I'll tell thee what I think," said the Quaker. "If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would get well again."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS. A

**The Jubilee Singers, and their Campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars.** By G. D. Pike. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. Many people through the country have enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to the Jubilee Singers. This book tells us who they are and for what purpose they are singing. They are a company of colored men and women, most of them former slaves or children of slaves. They set out penniless and sung their way through the country to raise funds to complete the Fisk University building—a university at Nashville, designed especially to furnish educational facilities for the colored race. The book contains portraits from photographs of the singers, together with brief biographies. In an appendix is given a collection of their songs.

**The Wishing-Cap Papers.** By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. These papers are collected for the first time in book form from the pages of the *Indicator*, *Examiner*, *Tattler*, and other contemporaneous publications. They are lively, genial, occasionally humorous, and in every respect worthy of reading. They are a fair sample of the best literature of their class of the past century.

**Partingtonian Patchwork.** By B. P. Shillaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Any one who loves real genuine fun will do well to obtain this book. It contains "Blifkins the Martyr: The Domestic Trials of a Model Husband;" "The Modern Syntax;" "Partingtonian Papers," and "New and Old Dips from an Unambitious Inkstand." Mr. Shillaber is too well known as a humorist to need any special recommendation.

**Bacchus Dethroned.** By Frederick Powell. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A prize was recently offered in England for the best essay on the entire temperance question. This volume contains the essay or rather series of essays which took the prize. The author considers "The Great National Curse," "The Supposed Dietetic Value of Alcoholic Beverages," "The Physiological Relations of Intoxicating Liquors," "The Social and Political Argument," and other phases of the question, concluding with "Legislation and the Liquor Traffic." Every temperance lecturer, writer, thinker and temperance society should have the book.

**Pay-Day at Babel, and Odes.** By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. Author of "Alboin and Rosamond." New York: D. Van Nostrand. "Pay-Day at Babel" is designated "An Office Dream," and gives in a semi-humorous strain a poetic account of the people and their doings during the building of the tower of Babel.

**Bart Ridgeley; A Story of Northern Ohio.** Boston: Nichols and Hall. This story, though published anonymously, we have reasons for believing to be from the pen of a prominent lawyer and ex-Congressman, now residing in Washington. It is a faithful picture of the country and the people, as they were found in the then newly-inhabited wilds of Ohio, nearly forty years ago. The local descriptions are accurate, and many of the characters are real ones who have figured to greater or less extent in local and political history. The sketches

of prominent men made from personal recollection are exceedingly interesting. The story proper is a love story after the approved sort, though the plot is not specially original. In truth one must look for its excellency elsewhere than in its plot. Yet it has excellencies in plenty. Its style is original, vivacious and pleasing, without a particle of that crudity that even the best of essayists and public writers not infrequently display in their first attempts in the field of romance. We cannot help almost regretting as we read the book that its writer had not been forced, or shall we say encouraged, to give his life and talents to literature rather than to politics and the dry details of law. American literature would undoubtedly have been the gainer. The chief charm of the book is the character of the hero—a character so carefully and faithfully delineated that it seems as if drawn from life. The character is an original one in novels at least, lacking many of the attributes of the conventional hero, yet heroic, brave and noble withal, and of an unblemished purity of mind and soul that leads one to have a higher estimate of humanity, and to rejoice that there are yet writers left us in these days of sensational and sensuous fiction who can conceive of and describe such a character. The story is a beautiful poem—it is more an epic or a pastoral, than a novel—and no one can read it without being charmed.

**A Woman's Poems.** Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Away on the banks of the Ohio, not many miles from the spot where the Cary sisters first sung their songs, there dwells in the quiet of a happy home-circle a woman who, now that Alice and Phoebe Cary are dead, ought to be recognized as standing at the head of the women poets of America. Her poems have found their way for years into the chiefest and best publications of the country, yet strange to say the name of Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt is one that would fall unfamiliar on many ears, or if the hearer recognized the name, he might be in doubt where to place her. Julia Ward Howe once spoke of her in high terms of praise, but called her the wife of Don Piatt, editor of the *Capital*. Her husband is John James Piatt, himself a poet of no mean repute, who has published one or two charming little volumes of poetry. "A Woman's Poems" are by Mrs. Piatt, and they are a most valuable contribution to the poetic literature of the country. They are suggestive in character—too much so for a careless reading; exceedingly imaginative, and overflowing with an abundance of warm womanly feelings. Each poem which the volume contains is a gem polished to perfection, and gleaming with a light and beauty all its own.

**Play and Profit in my Garden.** By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away." New York: Dodd & Mead, publishers. This volume is a pleasant though I fear not withal a profitable book. Its author, charmed with delights of country life, depicts them in glowing colors, and shows that from his amateur farming, to which he devoted an hour a day upon an average, he reaped a marvellous pecuniary harvest. At least it seems so until we compare the outgo with the income, when we find there is not so large a balance after all. The balance would undoubtedly have been the other side, if Mr.

Roe had not been peculiarly fortunate in regard to markets, the greatest stumbling-block of both the amateur and the professional farmer. While admitting the necessity of learning most trades and professions, there are two occupations which every one has unlimited faith in himself that he can enter successfully if he only has the opportunity. These occupations are literature and farming. And when he fails, as amateurs always must do in either business, he lays it to an unfortunate combination of outside circumstances rather than to the want of experience in himself. We do not need books to encourage the young, foolish and sanguine to enter either of these pursuits too hastily, in the belief that the road will be a golden one. Nevertheless one who has a genuine love of nature, will find gardening a pleasure if not a profitable employment; and after experience has been duly acquired and paid for, it may even make a certain pecuniary return which may be satisfactory if the expectations are not too exalted. For sale by J. B. Lippincott.

**The Glass Cable, and the Storms it Weathered.** By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A pleasant and profitable temperance story for the young, illustrative of the good influences springing from the "Band of Hope" Society.

**The Dead Sin, and Other Stories.** By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Those who seek for a pure and elevated literature, will not fail to find it in Edward

Garrett's writings. The style is superior, full of thought and earnestness, and the stories in this book of uncommon interest. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Pascarel. Only a Story.** By Ouida, author of "Strathmore." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This story is written in Ouida's usually fascinating style, and is perhaps less objectionable in certain points than her novels usually are.

**Oxley.** By Lyndon, author of "Margaret: A Story of Life in a Prairie Home." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A pleasantly sentimental and philosophical story of American life, with little or no sensation in it, yet written in a finished and attractive style. The book should please a large class of readers. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Text Book in Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges;** Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D.D., President of Colby University. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

**Philosophy of Rhetoric.** By John Bascom, Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. These are valuable textbooks designed for use in Academies and Colleges, though they will be found equally valuable as additions to a private library. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### HOW TO MAKE BOYS HATE FARMING.

IN a report of the doings of the Farmer's Club, of New York, contained in the *Herald*, we find some sensible remarks concerning the management of boys on the farm. A farmer wrote to a member of the club requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets.

The chairman handed it over to Sereno Edwards Todd to answer, who replied as follows:

"If a boy is ever justified in running away, most assuredly he would be when he is directed to go alone to perform a job that every faithful laborer hates. If you wish to keep a boy on the farm, never set him alone, when the birds are singing, the squirrels are chattering, and the violets are unfolding their charming petals, at picking stones in a large field. The truth is, those little arms and soft muscles are no more suitable for handling stones than the muscles of a young colt are for drawing a sub-soil plough. If you wish to make a boy love the farm better than any other employment, don't keep him turning a big grindstone at noon, when all the men but the one who is grinding, are lying in the shade; and don't bear on with all your might, so hard as to stick him, and then ridicule him tauntingly, telling him he must eat more pudding and milk before he can turn a grindstone like a man. Perchance that boy weighs only fifty pounds. You weigh one hundred and fifty, and the grindstone one hundred and fifty. Now, then, suppose we let you turn a huge stone of four hundred and fifty pounds, while a giant of four hundred and fifty pounds weight bears on—which is a fair proportion between yourself and the boy. Before the giant has applied half his weight, if we don't see you balk square from the mark, and crack, if you don't break the third commandment and assume a profane and pugnacious attitude, then write me as a false prognosticator.

"Unless you want to make a good boy hate farming, and every employment connected with it, don't manage in such an underhand manner that he will have to milk the cow which every one dislikes to milk because she milks so hard. When the boy comes in at night so tired that he would rather lie down on the hard side of a maple plank than to eat his supper, don't tell him to hurry up and eat his supper so as to do that churning, when all the men and older boys are allowed to read the newspapers or to smoke unmolested. If you wish to induce a boy to think that Indian corn and potatoes are profitable crops, don't give him an old rusty hoe that no sensible man would use, and then tell him if he will cut in smart when hoeing that you will help him keep his row up even with the rest. If you do not want to make a boy hate the country, when a task is assigned to him, don't pile on so much as to compel him to summon all his energies for three-fourths of the day to complete it, and then, as soon as the job is done, tell him he will have to go mill, or the cook can make no bread for the next day.

"If you don't want to make a boy hate all the operations of a farm, don't tell him while all the men are taking their 'nooning' in harvest time to water the cows and horses, and to hurry up so as to go with the men when they are ready to return to the field. Don't encourage a boy to rear a nice calf or colt, and tell him the animal shall be his when grown up, and then sell the beast for a good price, pocket the money, and tell the boy the price received don't pay for the hay, oats and grass consumed. If you want to make an energetic and successful farmer of a boy, don't encourage him to rise before daylight so as to rake the wheat stubbles while the dew is on, telling him he shall have half of the gleanings, and then sell his part of the grain with the crop, and tell him, when he inquires about his share of the money, that the little sum received will not pay for half his board next winter. Don't badger a good boy to the verge of desperation with the mischievous and obnoxious 'go boys' system of management. If you want to make him like farming opera-



tions, don't fret every ambition desire out of the young aspirant with the repulsive and incessant ding-dong of

"Jim do this, and Jim do that,  
When all Jim gets is an old straw hat.

"There is no precept and no reasoning that will induce boys to stick to the farm like the cheering words, 'Come, boys,' always accompanied by an irreproachable example in leading the way. Strange as it may seem to some, boys are human."

#### BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

WE take the following from Dr. John Bell's report, made last year to the American Medical Association, on the "Relations of Alcohol to Medicine." He says—Intemperance is the most usual predisposing cause of albuminuria, or Bright's disease, as exposure to cold, or to cold and moisture, is the most commonly exciting one. Dr. Bright remarks: "Where intemperance has laid the foundation, the mischief will generally be so deeply rooted before the discovery is made, that even could we remove the exciting cause, little could be hoped from remedies; but at the same time, a more impressive warning against the intemperate use of ardent spirits cannot be derived from any other form of disease with which we are acquainted."

The words of warning, adds Dr. Bell, do not carry with them the needed force here, as they are directed against what the writer calls "the intemperate use of ardent spirits," instead of saying the habitual use; for one may very pertinently ask—"What is the line between the temperate and intemperate use of ardent spirits? Every drunkard begins with the temperate use of alcohol, and in doing so puts himself on the road to intemperance, with all its consequences. A man may, as we have previously shown, destroy his health, and become the victim of incurable disease, by continued small drinking of alcoholic liquors, without his ever having been drunk or subjected himself to the imputation of intemperance."

"What plea of necessity, what promises of pleasure are there to make a man encounter such alarming risks and positive sufferings? He begins to drink alcohol moderately—temperately, as he believes—and, without meaning it, drinks, for a longer or shorter time, immoderately and intemperately, and gets an incurable disease of the liver, or kidneys, and dropsy, and all kinds of complicated disorders which end in death. Was this sacrifice of self made for the sake of advancement in the world, the acquisition of wealth and honor, the benefit of his family, his friends, or his country? Would he, in fine, be less a free agent under a pledge of total abstinence than under the dominion of an invincible habit?"

#### LAY PREACHING.

ON this subject, about which some high churchmen are so sensitive, Mr. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—"This leads me to speak of the lay element in churches. I am satisfied that we are never going to have professional ministers enough to convert the world—never. We have got to have the whole church preach, or we shall never cover the ground. The population increases a great deal faster than ministers do, especially in the outlying territories. Just think of attempting to closely follow up that rush of emigration, and the opening of those vast intermediary and far-away States and territories with schools and churches and professional ministers! You never can do it. In this present intelligent age of the world, I do not understand why a layman has not just as much right to be a public teacher as a minister. He knows as much, he averages as well. He does not undertake to conduct an organization in all its details and to be a leader, but in his sphere he is prepared to preach the Gospel. There are many men in the law, in medicine, in mercantile business, many teachers in schools, many men retired from active business life, who are competent to take this, that, or the other neighborhood, and maintain service from Sabbath to Sabbath. Able lecturers they are upon education, able lecturers they may be on temperance; and they may just as well preach also sermons that have in them the root of the Gospel."

#### "CAST ADRIFF."

WE call attention to the publisher's advertisement of this new book by Mr. Arthur. As it is sold only by canvassing agents, and cannot therefore be had from book-sellers, we have made arrangements by which we can send any of our readers a copy by mail, on receipt of the price, \$2.00.

#### THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN-MOWER.

WE have now in use a Philadelphia Lawn-Mower which has proved most satisfactory. It is scarcely more than a pleasant recreation to go over the lawn with this machine, and it is kept in beautiful condition by its frequent use—the ground level and the grass velvety. The sixteen-inch machine is best size, as it is not too heavy to work with ease. The twelve-inch machine is adapted to a lady's use, and is not too large for the smallest grass-plot, while the ten-inch one is a useful plaything for boys and girls. The largest size is twenty inches which may be worked by one man, but is better adapted for two. These machines are made and sold by Graham, Emlen & Passmore, whose place of business is at 631 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A lady writes:—"I never was so glad to circulate your magazine as I am this year. I kept it on the wing—even taking it to Sunday-school and slipping it into the hands of mothers. Its teachings are better than gold, and find their way through their own attractions."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. T. P. S. writes: "I see in your May number an inquiry as to the author of that lovely poem, 'The Angel of Patience.' It is by John G. Whittier, a free paraphrase from the German." The poem in our April number, page 274, beginning—

"Beside the toilsome way  
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,  
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,  
Loning in vain for rest.

"An angel softly walks,  
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,  
The while from withered leaven and flowerless stalks  
She weaves my fitting crown."

is a different one from Whittier's beautiful paraphrase from the German, which we give below:

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes—  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

"There's quiet in that Angel's glance—  
There's rest in his still countenance!  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ill and woe he may not cure,  
He kindly tries to endure.

"Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear:  
The throb of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

"Oh, thou, who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day!  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned—  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'"

The inquiry as to the authorship of the poem in our April number is still unanswered.

T. I. M. writes: "In the last number of the HOME MAGAZINE, I notice a column of 'Answers to Correspondents.' I was glad, for I have been wanting the name of another book calculated to bring to poor, tried women the comfort and sweet hopefulness that 'Stripping Heavenward' has done—one that can point out Christ as winningly, with the strength and hope and joy to be derived from Him in one's daily living. If you will allow me, I will tell you why I write for information of such a work. Last year, in the midst of my first great grief, which followed in the train of many distressing trials,



a friend sent me 'Stepping Heavenward.' I could not tell all that book did for me. But I began to lend it around to my friends—many of them sorrowful women, whose lives had in them little of hope, and who were besides walking in spiritual darkness. I believe, without exception, they are all now braver, brighter women; and I know it would do Mrs. Prentiss's heart a heavenly good could she see the words of hope and joy that have been written me because of her book. When my little boy—my only child—was taken from me last fall, he left his little bank full of pence. The sum may be sufficient to buy two or three books, and I do so want them to be just such as can do the most good, that I may see and know that the little life dear to me did not bloom so sweetly here in vain. I want the names of two or three such books as I describe, to lend around wherever I may find that they are needed, and you will do me a great kindness to inform me in your next issue in regard to them.

We give the whole of our correspondent's letter, which will be read with interest. There are two books, "Our Children in Heaven," by Dr. W. Holcombe, price \$1.75, and "Comforted," price 75 cents, both published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, from which we know many sorrowing hearts have derived consolation. "Lifting the Veil" is another book written for hearts in affliction.

HENRY.—If you are only "ambitious to make a name" for yourself, we fear that the end will be vanity and disappointment, no matter what profession you choose. Only they who give themselves to earnest work from the love of it ever succeed, in the true sense. He who sets before him the poor, unworthy end of "making a name for himself," will surely fail of making an honorable name. They only win that who work nobly; that is unselfishly, thinking less of the acceptability than of the excellence of their work.

A. E. H. sends an answer to the inquiry for a recipe for making yeast without hops: "Pare two good-sized potatoes; then grate them into a large bowl. Put in a large spoonful of sugar and one of salt. Pour in a quart of boiling water; stir thoroughly. When about milk-warm add a cup of yeast and set in a warm place to rise. It will be ready to use in three hours."

W. H. H.—Whatever will put a man in better condition to work through his six days of labor, is right to be done on Sunday. To pursue his regular business will not do this; neither will drinking, nor any kind of dissipation. These will hurt and incapacitate him for the useful labor by which he, as well as others, are benefited. "The Sabbath was made for man," that he might get rest from toil, and have opportunity for doing good to his neighbor; but especially that he might be so freed from the cares and interests of business and the things pertaining to his life in the world, as to be able to give his mind to things spiritual and eternal. It is a day for religious thought and external worship; and wisest and happiest are they who make a right use of its blessed privileges. They will be stronger and better and safer when they go back to their common life of work and care and toil.

To those who do not accept the higher blessings of the Christian Sabbath it offers many and abundant benefits. It should be to none a day of mere idle self-indulgence. That is not true rest. Let there be activity of mind and body in some new direction; only let it be innocent—and that is innocent which neither hurts the neighbor nor one's self. If the mind hungers for books, read, either at home or in some public library, if a false notion of what the Christian Sabbath really means does not keep these library-doors shut. If the exhausted body and mind need change and the refreshment of nature, get for a little while into the country, if possible. Do anything but drone and drowse on Sunday—anything innocent, we mean, of course—and you will be more fitted for your common duties, and more in the true order of God's providence. An eminent clergyman says: "All theories of Sabbath-keeping that make it a burden grievous to be borne, or a day of revelling and excitement, are in antagonism to the true spirit of Christian Sabbath-keeping. But how shall we rest? Not, surely, by imprisoning our restless bodies and minds in the four walls of a house. Rest is not mere inactivity—that is often more tiresome than toil. A weary man who enjoys green fields and fresh air with his family on Sunday is not guilty of any wrong. The Sabbath of severe inactivity was not taught by Christ, was unknown even to the Pharisees, and is a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know the duties of president, secretary, etc., of a society. The officers of a society usually consist of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sometimes a corresponding secretary and executive or business committee. The duties of the president are to preside at each meeting of the society, and to conduct its affairs, enforce order and settle disputed points. The president is not allowed to vote except in case of a tie, when he or she gives the casting vote. In voting by ballot, at the election of officers, however, the president may vote the same as any other member of the society. The duties of the vice-president are the same as the president, in the absence of that officer. The secretary must make out and preserve

a report of the proceedings of the meetings of the society, reading a report of the last meeting at each succeeding one. The corresponding secretary, if there is one, attends to the correspondence of the society. The treasurer receives and pays out the moneys of the society, rendering a strict account of the same. The executive committee, if there is one appointed, attends to all the business of the society—the place of meeting, the programme of exercises, etc., etc., which would take too much time and trouble to be settled at the meetings of the society. These matters are usually brought up in the society, and then referred to the executive committee, either with or without instructions. The committee then reports back, which report may be accepted or rejected by the society at its pleasure. The usual order of exercises is: calling the meeting to order by the president; reading of minutes by the secretary; communications; reports of committees; unfinished business; new business; regular or miscellaneous exercises, and adjournment.

A. I. L.—"Pipsissilway Potts" is not Virginia F. Townsend.

## SELF-QUESTIONING.

BY E. B. D.

(See Engraving)

DREARILY, drearily, night comes down—

Sadly the wind sighs like one in pain;  
The heavens are black with an ominous frown;  
Low and monotonous falls the rain.

Cosy and warm, with the curtains drawn,  
I sit me in front of the open grate;  
I am not lonely, though all alone—  
Though the night is stormy, the hour so late.

Crouched by my fireside content I sit,  
And study the flare of the burning fire;  
Into the corners the shadows flit,  
As the bright light flashes out high and higher.

All unheeded the open book  
Falls by my side, a forgotten story,  
As into the glowing coals I look,  
And watch their changeful, fantastic glory.

What do I see in the burning coal?  
What do I see in my fancy bright?  
Tell me, oh, tell me, my inmost soul!  
Keep thou no secrets from me to-night.

Wonderful things I see pictured there—  
Castles and temples of marvellous splendor;  
Faces of those I love—oh, so fair!  
Love with a love that is warm and tender.

Burning letters together combine,  
And change and fall in the fervid coal.  
Is there nought else? No sight, no sign?  
Whisper, and tell me, oh, secret soul!

Answers my soul to my questions low:  
"There is one face, and there is one name,  
That are ever seen in the ruddy glow  
Of the burning coal and the leaping flame"

One face! one name! I will ask no more.  
I half suspected your secret, soul.  
The name you have whispered so often o'er—  
No wonder you read it amid the coal!

## THE FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

IN our April number we gave an extended account of the inauguration and success of this "Home" for the treatment of inebriates, which was started in our city by a few earnest individuals, with prayer to God for wisdom to see what was best to do and strength to work patiently.

On the evening of the 27th of May, the new buildings, Nos. 913 and 915 Locust Street, which have been fitted up in an admirable manner, were opened to the public, and was a deeply interesting occasion to the large number of our citizens who were in attendance. No one present could have failed to be profoundly impressed by what he heard and saw. The result of work, regarded as almost hopeless, was presented in the form of men testifying with fervid thankfulness to the influence of the "Home," and telling how, through the kindness and watchful care of the Christian

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**The Jubilee Singers, and their Campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars.** By G. D. Pike. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. Many people through the country have enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to the Jubilee Singers. This book tells us who they are and for what purpose they are singing. They are a company of colored men and women, most of them former slaves or children of slaves. They set out penniless and sang their way through the country to raise funds to complete the Fisk University building—a university at Nashville, designed especially to furnish educational facilities for the colored race. The book contains portraits from photographs of the singers, together with brief biographies. In an appendix is given a collection of their songs.

**The Wishing-Cap Papers.** By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. These papers are collected for the first time in book form from the pages of the *Indicator*, *Examiner*, *Tattler*, and other contemporaneous publications. They are lively, genial, occasionally humorous, and in every respect worthy of reading. They are a fair sample of the best literature of their class of the past century.

**Partingtonian Patchwork.** By B. P. Shillaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Any one who loves real genuine fun will do well to obtain this book. It contains "Blifkins the Martyr: The Domestic Trials of a Model Husband;" "The Modern Syntax;" "Partingtonian Papers," and "New and Old Dips from an Unambitious Inkstand." Mr. Shillaber is too well known as a humorist to need any special recommendation.

**Bacchus Dethroned.** By Frederick Powell. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A prize was recently offered in England for the best essay on the entire temperance question. This volume contains the essay or rather series of essays which took the prize. The author considers "The Great National Curse," "The Supposed Dietetic Value of Alcoholic Beverages," "The Physiological Relations of Intoxicating Liquors," "The Social and Political Argument," and other phases of the question, concluding with "Legislation and the Liquor Traffic." Every temperance lecturer, writer, thinker and temperance society should have the book.

**Pay-Day at Babel, and Odes.** By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. Author of "Alboin and Rosamond." New York: D. Van Nostrand. "Pay-Day at Babel" is designated "An Office Dream," and gives in a semi-humorous strain a poetic account of the people and their doings during the building of the tower of Babel.

**Bart Ridgeley; A Story of Northern Ohio.** Boston: Nichols and Hall. This story, though published anonymously, we have reasons for believing to be from the pen of a prominent lawyer and ex-Congressman, now residing in Washington. It is a faithful picture of the country and the people, as they were found in the then newly-inhabited wilds of Ohio, nearly forty years ago. The local descriptions are accurate, and many of the characters are real ones who have figured to greater or less extent in local and political history. The sketches

of prominent men made from personal recollection are exceedingly interesting. The story proper is a love story after the approved sort, though the plot is not specially original. In truth one must look for its excellency elsewhere than in its plot. Yet it has excellencies in plenty. Its style is original, vivacious and pleasing, without a particle of that crudity that even the best of essayists and public writers not infrequently display in their first attempts in the field of romance. We cannot help almost regretting as we read the book that its writer had not been forced, or shall we say encouraged, to give his life and talents to literature rather than to politics and the dry details of law. American literature would undoubtedly have been the gainer. The chief charm of the book is the character of the hero—a character so carefully and faithfully delineated that it seems as if drawn from life. The character is an original one in novels at least, lacking many of the attributes of the conventional hero, yet heroic, brave and noble withal, and of an unblemished purity of mind and soul that leads one to have a higher estimate of humanity, and to rejoice that there are yet writers left us in these days of sensational and sensuous fiction who can conceive of and describe such a character. The story is a beautiful poem—it is more an epic or a pastoral, than a novel—and no one can read it without being charmed.

**A Woman's Poems.** Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Away on the banks of the Ohio, not many miles from the spot where the Cary sisters first sung their songs, there dwells in the quiet of a happy home-circle a woman who, now that Alice and Phoebe Cary are dead, ought to be recognized as standing at the head of the women poets of America. Her poems have found their way for years into the chiefest and best publications of the country, yet strange to say the name of Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt is one that would fall unfamiliar on many ears, or if the hearer recognized the name, he might be in doubt where to place her. Julia Ward Howe once spoke of her in high terms of praise, but called her the wife of Don Piatt, editor of the *Capital*. Her husband is John James Piatt, himself a poet of no mean repute, who has published one or two charming little volumes of poetry. "A Woman's Poems" are by Mrs. Piatt, and they are a most valuable contribution to the poetic literature of the country. They are suggestive in character—too much so for a careless reading; exceedingly imaginative, and overflowing with an abundance of warm womanly feelings. Each poem which the volume contains is a gem polished to perfection, and gleaming with a light and beauty all its own.

**Play and Profit in my Garden.** By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away." New York: Dodd & Mead, publishers. This volume is a pleasant though I fear not withal a profitable book. Its author, charmed with delights of country life, depicts them in glowing colors, and shows that from his amateur farming, to which he devoted an hour a day upon an average, he reaped a marvellous pecuniary harvest. At least it seems so until we compare the outgo with the income, when we find there is not so large a balance after all. The balance would undoubtedly have been the other side, if Mr.

Roe had not been peculiarly fortunate in regard to markets, the greatest stumbling-block of both the amateur and the professional farmer. While admitting the necessity of learning most trades and professions, there are two occupations which every one has unlimited faith in himself that he can enter successfully if he only has the opportunity. These occupations are literature and farming. And when he fails, as amateurs always must do in either business, he lays it to an unfortunate combination of outside circumstances rather than to the want of experience in himself. We do not need books to encourage the young, foolish and sanguine to enter either of these pursuits too hastily, in the belief that the road will be a golden one. Nevertheless one who has a genuine love of nature, will find gardening a pleasure if not a profitable employment; and after experience has been duly acquired and paid for, it may even make a certain pecuniary return which may be satisfactory if the expectations are not too exalted. For sale by J. B. Lippincott.

**The Glass Cable, and the Storms it Weathered** By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A pleasant and profitable temperance story for the young, illustrative of the good influences springing from the "Band of Hope" Society.

**The Dead Sin, and Other Stories.** By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Those who seek for a pure and elevated literature, will not fail to find it in Edward

Garrett's writings. The style is superior, full of thought and earnestness, and the stories in this book of uncommon interest. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Pascarel. Only a Story.** By Ouida, author of "Strathmore." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This story is written in Ouida's usually fascinating style, and is perhaps less objectionable in certain points than her novels usually are.

**Oxley.** By Lyndon, author of "Margaret: A Story of Life in a Prairie Home." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A pleasantly sentimental and philosophical story of American life, with little or no sensation in it, yet written in a finished and attractive style. The book should please a large class of readers. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

**Text Book in Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges;** Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D.D., President of Colby University. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

**Philosophy of Rhetoric.** By John Bascom, Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. These are valuable textbooks designed for use in Academies and Colleges, though they will be found equally valuable as additions to a private library. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

## EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

### HOW TO MAKE BOYS HATE FARMING.

IN a report of the doings of the Farmer's Club, of New York, contained in the *Herald*, we find some sensible remarks concerning the management of boys on the farm. A farmer wrote to a member of the club requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets.

The chairman handed it over to Sereno Edwards Todd to answer, who replied as follows:

"If a boy is ever justified in running away, most assuredly he would be when he is directed to go alone to perform a job that every faithful laborer hates. If you wish to keep a boy on the farm, never set him alone, when the birds are singing, the squirrels are chattering, and the violets are unfolding their charming petals, at picking stones in a large field. The truth is, those little arms and soft muscles are no more suitable for handling stones than the muscles of a young colt are for drawing a sub-soil plough. If you wish to make a boy love the farm better than any other employment, don't keep him turning a big grindstone at noon, when all the men but the one who is grinding, are lying in the shade; and don't bear on with all your might, so hard as to stick him, and then ridicule him tauntingly, telling him he must eat more pudding and milk before he can turn a grindstone like a man. Perchance that boy weighs only fifty pounds. You weigh one hundred and fifty, and the grindstone one hundred and fifty. Now, then, suppose we let you turn a huge stone of four hundred and fifty pounds, while a giant of four hundred and fifty pounds weight bears on—which is a fair proportion between yourself and the boy. Before the giant has applied half his weight, if we don't see you balk square from the mark, and crack, if you don't break the third commandment and assume a profane and pugnacious attitude, then write me as a false prognosticator.

"Unless you want to make a good boy hate farming, and every employment connected with it, don't manage in such an underhand manner that he will have to milk the cow which every one dislikes to milk because she milks so hard. When the boy comes in at night so tired that he would rather lie down on the hard side of a maple plank than to eat his supper, don't tell him to hurry up and eat his supper so as to do that churning, when all the men and older boys are allowed to read the newspapers or to smoke unmolested. If you wish to induce a boy to think that Indian corn and potatoes are profitable crops, don't give him an old rusty hoe that no sensible man would use, and then tell him if he will cut in smart when hoeing that you will help him keep his row up even with the rest. If you do not want to make a boy hate the country, when a task is assigned to him, don't pile on so much as to compel him to summon all his energies for three-fourths of the day to complete it, and then, as soon as the job is done, tell him he will have to go mill, or the cook can make no bread for the next day.

"If you don't want to make a boy hate all the operations of a farm, don't tell him while all the men are taking their 'nooning' in harvest time to water the cows and horses, and to hurry up so as to go with the men when they are ready to return to the field. Don't encourage a boy to rear a nice calf or colt, and tell him the animal shall be his when grown up, and then sell the beast for a good price, pocket the money, and tell the boy the price received don't pay for the hay, oats and grass consumed. If you want to make an energetic and successful farmer of a boy, don't encourage him to rise before daylight so as to rake the wheat stubbles while the dew is on, telling him he shall have half of the gleanings, and then sell his part of the grain with the crop, and tell him, when he inquires about his share of the money, that the little sum received will not pay for half his board next winter. Don't badger a good boy to the verge of desperation with the mischievous and obnoxious 'go boys' system of management. If you want to make him like farming opera-

tions, don't fret every ambitious desire out of the young aspirant with the repulsive and incessant ding-dong of

"Jim do this, and Jim do that,

When all Jim gets is an old straw hat.

"There is no precept and no reasoning that will induce boys to stick to the farm like the cheering words, 'Come, boys,' always accompanied by an irreproachable example in leading the way. Strange as it may seem to some, boys are human."

#### BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

WE take the following from Dr. John Bell's report, made last year to the American Medical Association, on the "Relations of Alcohol to Medicine." He says—Intemperance is the most usual predisposing cause of albuminuria, or Bright's disease, as exposure to cold, or to cold and moisture, is the most commonly exciting one. Dr. Bright remarks: "Where intemperance has laid the foundation, the mischief will generally be so deeply rooted before the discovery is made, that even could we remove the exciting cause, little could be hoped from remedies; but at the same time, a more impressive warning against the intemperate use of ardent spirits cannot be derived from any other form of disease with which we are acquainted."

The words of warning, adds Dr. Bell, do not carry with them the needed force here, as they are directed against what the writer calls "the intemperate use of ardent spirits," instead of saying the habitual use; for one may very pertinently ask—"What is the line between the temperate and intemperate use of ardent spirits? Every drunkard begins with the temperate use of alcohol, and in doing so puts himself on the road to intemperance, with all its consequences. A man may, as we have previously shown, destroy his health, and become the victim of incurable disease, by continued small drinking of alcoholic liquors, without his ever having been drunk or subjected himself to the imputation of intemperance.

"What plea of necessity, what promises of pleasure are there to make a man encounter such alarming risks and positive sufferings? He begins to drink alcohol moderately—temperately, as he believes—and, without meaning it, drinks, for a longer or shorter time, immoderately and intemperately, and gets an incurable disease of the liver, or kidneys, and dropsy, and all kinds of complicated disorders which end in death. Was this sacrifice of self made for the sake of advancement in the world, the acquisition of wealth and honor, the benefit of his family, his friends, or his country? Would he, in fine, be less a free agent under a pledge of total abstinence than under the dominion of an invincible habit?"

#### LAY PREACHING,

ON this subject, about which some high churchmen are so sensitive, Mr. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—"This leads me to speak of the lay element in churches. I am satisfied that we are never going to have professional ministers enough to convert the world—never. We have got to have the whole church preach, or we shall never cover the ground. The population increases a great deal faster than ministers do, especially in the outlying territories. Just think of attempting to closely follow up that rush of emigration, and the opening of those vast intermediary and far-away States and territories with schools and churches and professional ministers! You never can do it. In this present intelligent age of the world, I do not understand why a layman has not just as much right to be a public teacher as a minister. He knows as much, he averages as well. He does not undertake to conduct an organization in all its details and to be a leader, but in his sphere he is prepared to preach the Gospel. There are many men in the law, in medicine, in mercantile business, many teachers in schools, many men retired from active business life, who are competent to take this, that, or the other neighborhood, and maintain service from Sabbath to Sabbath. Able lecturers they are upon education, able lecturers they may be on temperance; and they may just as well preach also sermons that have in them the root of the Gospel."

#### "CAST ADRIFT."

WE call attention to the publisher's advertisement of this new book by Mr. Arthur. As it is sold only by canvassing agents, and cannot therefore be had from book-sellers, we have made arrangements by which we can send any of our readers a copy by mail, on receipt of the price, \$2.00.

#### THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN-MOWER.

WE have now in use a Philadelphia Lawn-Mower which has proved most satisfactory. It is scarcely more than a pleasant recreation to go over the lawn with this machine, and it is kept in beautiful condition by its frequent use—the ground level and the grass velvety. The sixteen-inch machine is best size, as it is not too heavy to work with ease. The twelve-inch machine is adapted to a lady's use, and is not too large for the smallest grass-plot, while the ten-inch one is a useful plaything for boys and girls. The largest size is twenty inches which may be worked by one man, but is better adapted for two. These machines are made and sold by Graham, Emilen & Passmore, whose place of business is at 631 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A lady writes:—"I never was so glad to circulate your magazine as I am this year. I kept it on the wing—even taking it to Sunday-school and slipping it into the hands of mothers. Its teachings are better than gold, and find their way through their own attractions."

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAN, T. P. S. writes: "I see in your May number an inquiry as to the author of that lovely poem, 'The Angel of Patience.' It is by John G. Whittier, a free paraphrase from the German." The poem is our April number, page 275, beginning—

"Beside the toilsome way  
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,  
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,  
Languing in vain for rest.

"An angel softly walks,  
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,  
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks  
She weaves my fitting crown."

Is a different one from Whittier's beautiful paraphrase from the German, which we give below:

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes—  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

"There's quiet in that Angel's glance—  
There's rest in his still countenance!  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ill and woe he may not cure,  
He kindly trains us to endure.

"Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear:  
The throb of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

"Oh, thou, who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day!  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned—  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'"

The inquiry as to the authorship of the poem in our April number is still unanswered.

T. I. M. writes: "In the last number of the HOME MAGAZINE, I notice a column of 'Answers to Correspondents.' I was glad, for I have been wanting the name of another book calculated to bring to poor, tried women the comfort and sweet hopefulness that 'Stepping Heavenward' has done—one that can point out Christ as winningly, with the strength and hope and joy to be derived from Him in one's daily living. If you will allow me, I will tell you why I write for information of such a work. Last year, in the midst of my first great grief, which followed in the train of many distressing trials,



a friend sent me 'Stepping Heavenward.' I could not tell all that book did for me. But I began to lend it around to my friends—many of them sorrowful women, whose lives had in them little of hope, and who were besides walking in spiritual darkness. I believe, without exception, they are all now braver, brighter women; and I know it would do Mrs. Prentiss's heart a Heavenly good could she see the words of hope and joy that have been written me because of her book. When my little boy—my only child—was taken from me last fall, he left his little book full of peace. The sum may be sufficient to buy two or three books, and I do want them to be just such as can do the most good, that I may see and know that the little life dear to me did not bloom so sweetly here in vain. I want the names of two or three such books as I describe, to lend around wherever I may find that they are needed, and you will do me a great kindness to inform me in your next issue in regard to them."

We give the whole of our correspondent's letter, which will be read with interest. There are two books, "Our Children In Heaven," by Dr. W. Holcombe, price \$1.75, and "Comforted," price 75 cents, both published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, from which we know many sorrowing hearts have derived consolation. "Lifting the Veil" is another book written for hearts in affliction.

HERBERT.—If you are only "ambitious to make a name" for yourself, we fear that the end will be vanity and disappointment, no matter what profession you choose. Only they who give themselves to earnest work from the love of it ever succeed, in the true sense. He who sets before him the poor, unworthy end of "making a name for himself," will surely fail of making an honorable name. They only win that who work nobly; that is unselfishly, thinking less of the acceptability than of the excellence of their work.

A. E. H. sends an answer to the inquiry for a recipe for making yeast without hops: "Pare two good-sized potatoes; then grate them into a large bowl. Put in a large spoonful of sugar and one of salt. Pour in a quart of boiling water; stir thoroughly. When about milk-warm add a cup of yeast and set in a warm place to rise. It will be ready to use in three hours."

W. H. H.—Whatever will put a man in better condition to work through his six days of labor, is right to be done on Sunday. To pursue his regular business will not do this; neither will drinking, nor any kind of dissipation. These will hurt and incapacitate him for the useful labor by which he, as well as others, are benefited. "The Sabbath was made for man," that he might get rest from toil, and have opportunity for doing good to his neighbor; but especially that he might be so freed from the cares and interests of business and the things pertaining to his life in the world, as to be able to give his mind to things spiritual and eternal. It is a day for religious thought and external worship; and wisest and happiest are they who make a right use of its blessed privileges. They will be stronger and better and safer when they go back to their common life of work and care and toil.

To those who do not accept the higher blessings of the Christian Sabbath it offers many and abundant benefits. It should be to none a day of mere idle self-indulgence. That is not true rest. Let there be activity of mind and body in some new direction; only let it be innocent—and that is innocent which neither hurts the neighbor nor one's self. If the mind hungers for books, read, either at home or in some public library, if a false notion of what the Christian Sabbath really means does not keep these library-doors shut. If the exhausted body and mind need change and the refreshment of nature, get for a little while into the country, if possible. Do anything but drone and drowse on Sunday—anything innocent, we mean, of course—and you will be more fitted for your common duties, and more in the true order of God's providence. An eminent clergyman says: "All theories of Sabbath-keeping that make it a burden grievous to be borne, or a day of revelling and excitement, are in antagonism to the true spirit of Christian Sabbath-keeping. But how shall we rest? Not, surely, by imprisoning our restless bodies and minds in the four walls of a house. Rest is not mere inactivity—that is often more tiresome than toil. A weary man who enjoys green fields and fresh air with his family on Sunday is not guilty of any wrong. The Sabbath of severe inactivity was not taught by Christ, was unknown even to the Pharisees, and is a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know the duties of president, secretary, etc., of a society. The officers of a society usually consist of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sometimes a corresponding secretary and executive or business committee. The duties of the president are to preside at each meeting of the society, and to conduct its affairs, enforce order and settle disputed points. The president is not allowed to vote except in case of a tie, when he or she gives the casting vote. In voting by ballot, at the election of officers, however, the president may vote the same as any other member of the society. The duties of the vice-president are the same as the president, in the absence of that officer. The secretary must make out and preserve

a report of the proceeding of the meetings of the society, reading a report of the last meeting at each succeeding one. The corresponding secretary, if there is one, attends to the correspondence of the society. The treasurer receives and pays out the moneys of the society, rendering a strict account of the same. The executive committee, if there is one appointed, attends to all the business of the society—the place of meeting, the programme of exercises, etc., etc., which would take too much time and trouble to be settled at the meetings of the society. These matters are usually brought up in the society, and then referred to the executive committee, either with or without instructions. The committee then reports back, which report may be accepted or rejected by the society at its pleasure. The usual order of exercises is: calling the meeting to order by the president; reading of minutes by the secretary; communications; reports of committees; unfinished business; new business; regular or miscellaneous exercises, and adjournment.

A. I. L.—"Pipsissaway Potts" is not Virginia F. Townsend.

### SELF-QUESTIONING.

BY E. B. D.

(See Engraving)

DREARILY, drearily, night comes down—

Sadly the wind sighs like one in pain;  
The heavens are black with an ominous frown;  
Low and monotonous falls the rain.

Cosy and warm, with the curtains drawn,  
I sit me in front of the open grate;  
I am not lonely, though all alone—  
Though the night is stormy, the hour so late.

Crouched by my fireside content I sit,  
And study the flare of the burning fire;  
Into the corners the shadows flit,  
As the bright light flashes out high and higher.

All unheeded the open book  
Falls by my side, a forgotten story,  
As into the glowing coals I look,  
And watch their changeful, fantastic glory.

What do I see in the burning coal?  
What do I see in my fancy bright?  
Tell me, oh, tell me, my inmost soul!  
Keep thou no secrets from me to-night.

Wonderful things I see pictured there—  
Castles and temples of marvellous splendor;  
Faces of those I love—oh, so fair!—  
Love with a love that is warm and tender.

Burning letters together combine,  
And change and fall in the fervid coal.  
Is there nought else? No sight, no sign?  
Whisper, and tell me, oh, secret soul!

Answers my soul to my questions low:  
"There is one face, and there is one name,  
That are ever seen in the ruddy glow  
Of the burning coal and the leaping flame."

One face! one name! I will ask no more.  
I half suspected your secret, soul,  
The name you have whispered so often o'er—  
No wonder you read it amid the coal!

### THE FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

IN our April number we gave an extended account of the inauguration and success of this "Home" for the treatment of inebriates, which was started in our city by a few earnest individuals, with prayer to God for wisdom to see what was best to do and strength to work patiently.

On the evening of the 27th of May, the new buildings, Nos. 913 and 915 Locust Street, which have been fitted up in an admirable manner, were opened to the public, and was a deeply interesting occasion to the large number of our citizens who were in attendance. No one present could have failed to be profoundly impressed by what he heard and saw. The result of work, regarded as almost hopeless, was presented in the form of men testifying with fervid thankfulness to the influence of the "Home," and telling how, through the kindness and watchful care of the Christian

men and women, by whom it is managed, they had been lifted out of their dreadful condition, and their feet again set in safe ways.

It was an occasion that none who were present can ever forget, and gave new confidence to many who had almost come to believe that there was no hope for the drunkard.

This "Home" is essentially a "Christian home;" and therein lies its true saving power. Its inmates are led to distrust themselves, and to seek help from God, as well in prayer as in a religious obedience to His precepts. None are taken into the "Home" except such as are in earnest about reform. It is no place for merely getting over a debauch, or hiding the present consequences of inebriety. It is for those only who intend to stop, and lead a new life—and to such every possible help is given.

The good results in a single year are surprising, and far beyond anything its most hopeful projectors had imagined.

We have room for only a single extract from the annual report, and it gives one of many cases of reform that are recorded:

"Mr. ——— was among our first admissions. A young man of great promise, but who had contracted the habit of drinking whilst in the army. His parents, by lives of patient industry and integrity, had amassed considerable property, and looked to see their declining years spent happily with their children, but this was not apparently to be the case, for so very reckless did he become, that it was with fear and trembling they ever took up a newspaper, lest they should see news of his untimely death. God in His providence led him to the Home, and when once the effects of liquor were removed from him, he saw the danger he had been in. He earnestly set about the work of reformation, and led an entirely different life, maintaining his interest in the Home and its workings. His father took him in business with him, and all went well. He afterward made a handsome donation to the Home in the shape of a large carpet for the reading-room. Two months since he commenced to sicken, and in a few weeks was pronounced to be beyond hope of recovery. After a short time he died, a monument to the saving efficacy of the Home; for, through its influence he was led to seek and to trust that Saviour in whom he found peace in his dying hours. His parents could now gratefully bow to the will of God, for He had restored the child of their heart to his true position, and then taken him to Himself, the first fruit of the Franklin Home gathered in the garner of the Great Father of all. Almost his last-expressed thoughts were what he would do for the Home if he got well. When the president, the evening previous, and two of the lady managers, but a few hours before his death, in visiting him, asked if he was resigned to God's will, whether it be life or death, his answer was yes, perfectly resigned. By this young man is the Franklin Home registered in Heaven, and we feel amply repaid for all our anxiety and effort by this single soul saved from destruction, and the drunkard's terrible destiny."

## ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

**IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.**—COOL HOUSES IN SUMMER.—On our first page will be found advertised a new contrivance to help lighten the lot of woman, and save her some steps in her tiresome journey through life. "Lyon's" Portable Furnace is a perfect household wonder, since it can be attached to any stove or range, and supply fire for cooking at the slight cost of one cent daily. Any one can use it, as no gas, oil or explosive fluids are used to heat it, and its small cost brings it within the means of every one. There is an exhibition of these furnaces at No. 908 Arch Street, where the whole process of cooking is carried on in the open air. We hope all housekeepers who value cool houses in hot weather will call and see it in operation, or send for descriptive circulars.

**GAS COOKING-STOVES.**—No person can question the utility of an apparatus that will do the ordinary cooking for a family as perfectly and as economically as any coal or wood stove, and at the same time be entirely free from smoke or odor, dust or ashes. By the use of such a stove for family cooking, the labor is reduced to almost nothing. One match is all the kindling-wood required to start a fire, and a simple movement of the finger will extinguish it, or increase or reduce it to any desired point, so that the amount

of heat generated is always in exact proportion to the work to be done. But perhaps the greatest advantage is that, the heat being applied directly to the purpose for which it is required, you entirely avoid heating your house during the summer months. This admirable invention, of which we give you a cut in our advertisement columns, is for sale at the old-established warehouse of J. W. Weymer, No. 52 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, to whom, we would cheerfully recommend you.

**"HILL'S ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER.**—D. Landreth & Son, of Philadelphia, have a superior Lawn Mower, which they offer to the public. It is called "Hill's Archimedes," and is the only balanced Lawn Mower which has an adjustable handle. It is offered in various sizes and prices suited for either man or horse power. Some are so small that children can easily operate them. They have been so extensively sold throughout the country, that they really require no recommendation. They have always proved satisfactory, and are indispensable adjuncts of a farm or garden, if the lawn or grass-plot is to be kept in a neat and desirable condition.

**BETTER THAN AN EXHIBITION.**—We refer to the Grand Business Entertainments at the Popular Clothing House of Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown. Judging from the immense number of happy buyers, one would think all the clothing business of America is done under the roof of Oak Hall, at Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

**NEW MUSIC.**—Come Here Galop, by C. DeBubrac, comes to us from the publishing house of W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., and is without exception, the most sprightly, attractive and fascinating of any galop we have ever heard. Come Here Galop is inscribed to Madame Janascheck, with whom it is a particular favorite.

"Day by Day in Wondrous Beauty," or, *The Aera Song*, by Rubenstein, is a strange, weird-like romance, particularly inviting; it is needless for us to add comment on any composition from the pen of the renowned author and pianist, suffice to say that *The Aera* is unequalled.

*I'm in Love*, by Fred Clay, as sung by the popular English tenor, Sims Reeves. The song tells the story in a very interesting manner. Words and music are both pretty, and will undoubtedly be popular.

*Nocturne*, by J. Boulanger, is a classical composition of more than a little merit. The author has given a fine composition, which will undoubtedly be sought after by the more advanced pupils. Copies can be had of the publishers, W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., Phila.

**BUTTERICK'S BULLETIN OF FASHIONS** for July will be found in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE, it is a very attractive, and marked by good taste in all the illustrations of ladies' and misses' garments. It will be seen that the number of yards required for each dress is given, as well as the sizes and prices of patterns. The styles are all new, and drawn from actual garments, not copied from French or German fashion plates, representing a style three or six months old. With these patterns any woman of good taste can be her own dressmaker, if she will.

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adriff." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adriff." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

### Take Notice.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son.

Always give name of your town, county and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signatures be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters.

Every subscriber to *The Home Magazine*, whether single or in a club, will receive a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

### To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALS," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.